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HIGH TIMES

FEBRUARY 1985

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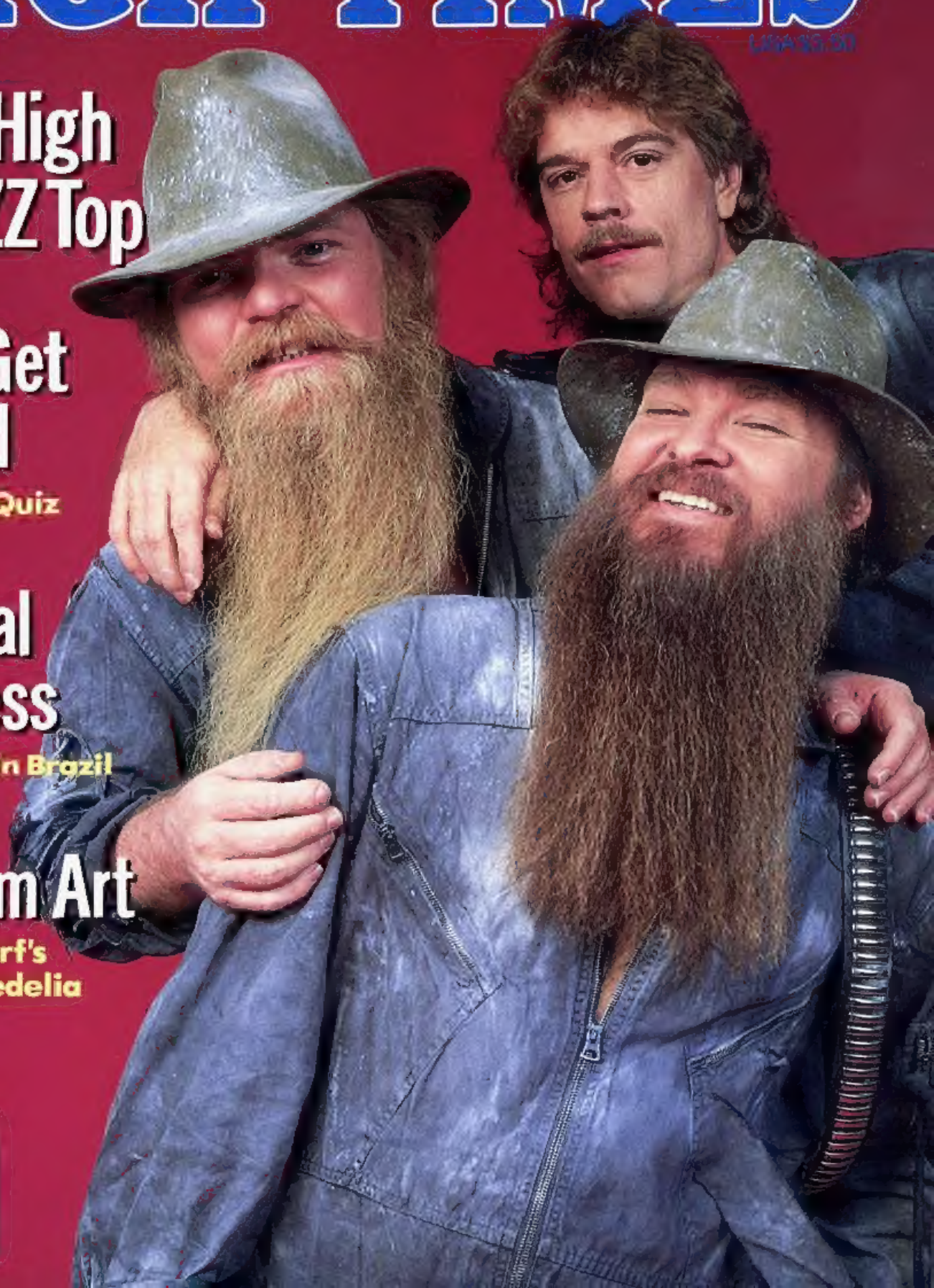
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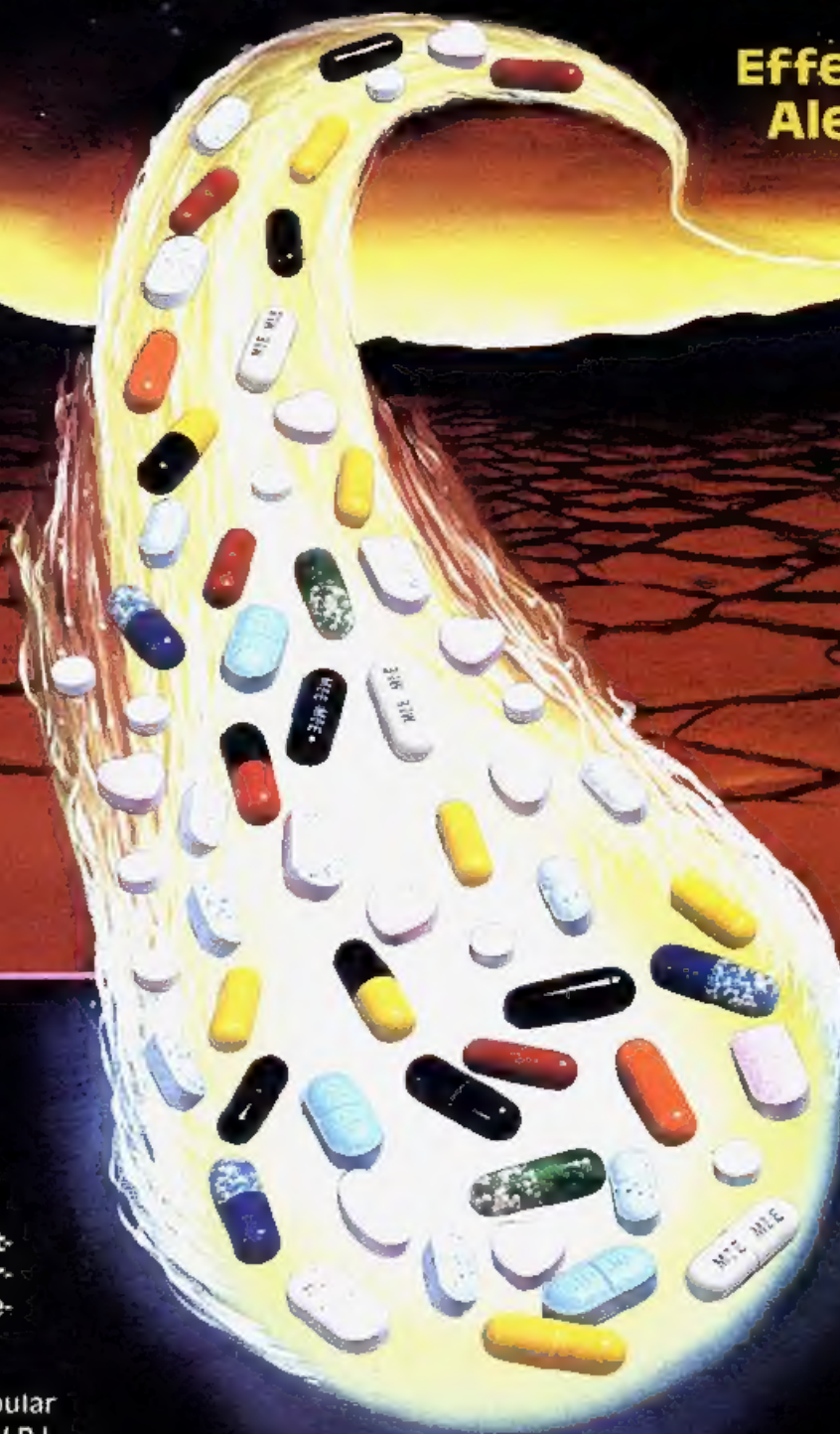


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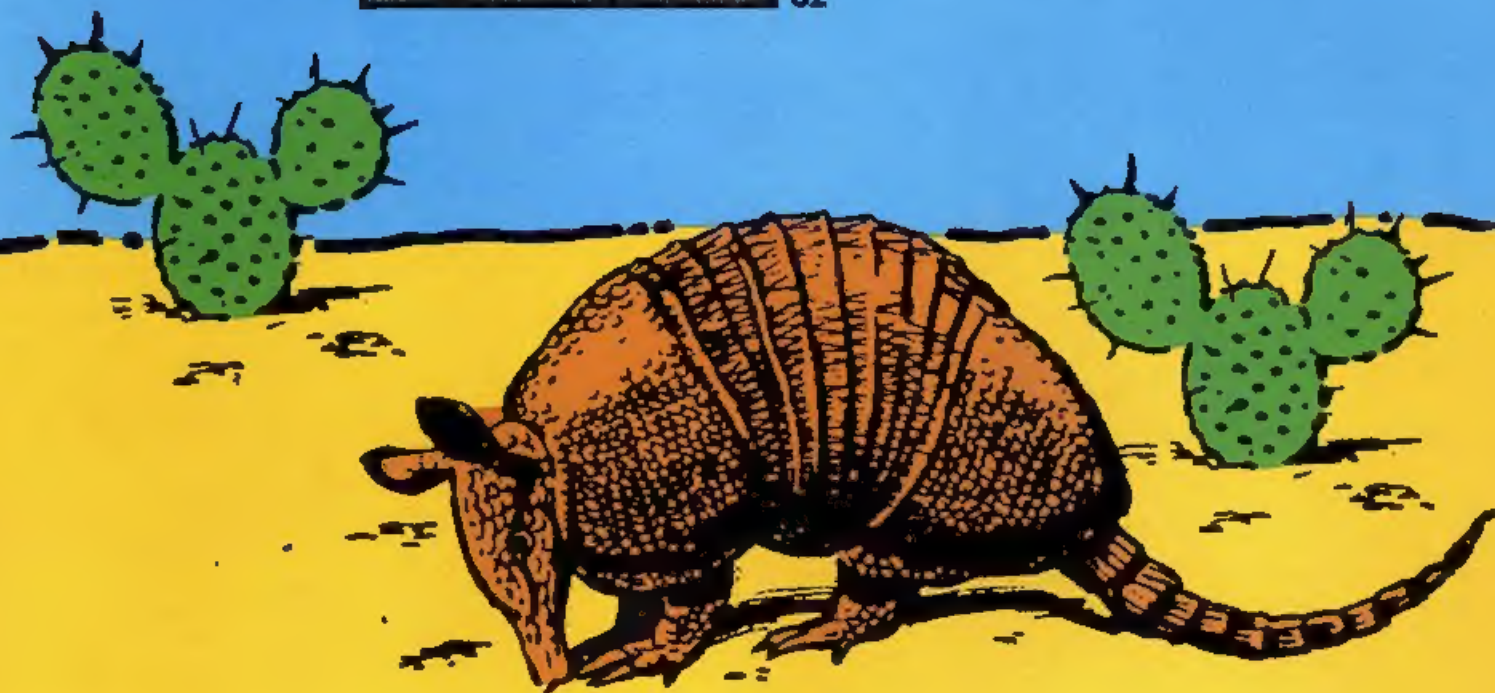
HIGH TIMES



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Cover: Photo by Paul Natkin /Photo Reserve

1-800-FINK

Editor:

We live in Missouri, state of "Ozark Wonder-Weed." Some say we're 100 years behind the rest of the country.

Missouri makes you humble to enjoy its beauty: ask anyone who lives here.

It's also a poor state: the people are poor, anyhow. And lately we've been overrun with toll-free 800 numbers. Are they everywhere? Be a *snitch* and make good money!

We're talking hundreds of dollars to turn in your neighbor. Ever wonder about your neighbors? Call the State Patrol. Call the Sheriff. Make money on your telephone! It's so *easy*!! The *right* thing to do! So they say. . .

There's an 800 number for the number-one Missouri cash crop: 1-800-BAD WEED. There's an 800 number for smokers. There's an 800 number for shooting deer and turkeys. We also have a "Crime Prevention Line."

Years ago, snitches were called "reporters." From Judas to Jesse James, turning in your neighbor has always been profitable.

Last summer alone, BAD WEED was responsible for disrupting over 100 lives. Marijuana is taking over Missouri. Hippies grow it to smoke it. Straights grow for money. Families grow to "save the farm."

We're having airplane surveillance constantly: state patrol helicopters, officers armed with machine guns and rifles. All for a weed? Our airspace is no longer ours. . .

Missouri is called the "show-me" state. The people are strong here and we will fight for our families and freedom. The laws are changing, but not in our favor. For over 12 years now, I've been living with the fear of my family torn apart, children taken away, life destroyed—for smoking pot!

And I will smoke pot until I'm an old, old lady. I love it. It makes me feel good. And that's my *business*! Not my neighbors!! So, GROW AMERICAN!!

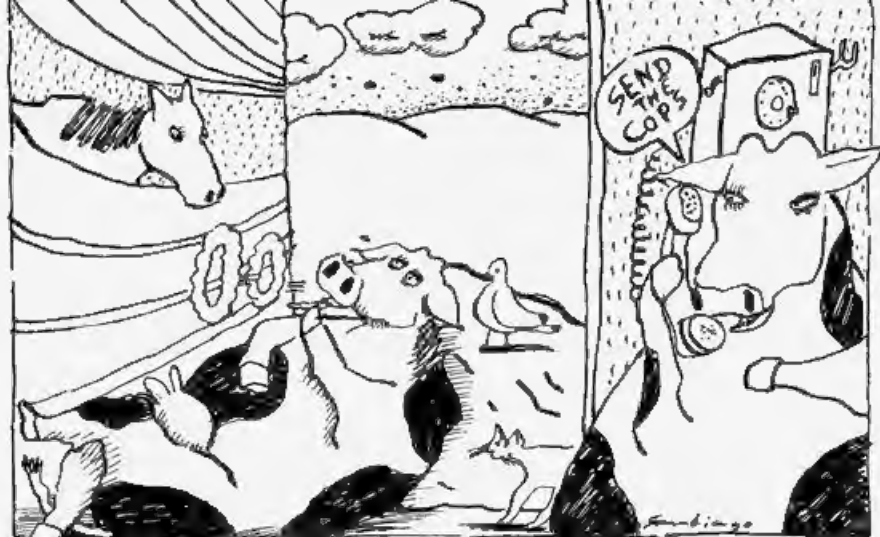
—Name withheld

Texas County, Mo.

An Amazing Discovery?

Editor:

In the article "Cokearoma" by



Dean Latimer (in last year's March issue), Mr. Latimer states that cocaine causes the body to release the chemical norepinephrine. Because epinephrine is also known as adrenaline, does this mean that norepinephrine is also known as noradrenaline? If so, cocaine users are in luck, because noradrenaline is available from chemical supply houses. However, City Chemical (N.Y.) offers two "types" for sale: L-Noradrenaline Bitartrate, at \$32.00 per gram and DL-Noradrenaline, at \$7.85 per gram. Now, which one of these does cocaine cause the body to release? How much noradrenaline is released by, say, 100 mg. of cocaine and what would be the best route of administration for noradrenaline to obtain a "coke-like" high? If any form of noradrenaline, which is legal, can duplicate the effects of cocaine, which is illegal, and if, "hit-for-hit," noradrenaline is cheaper, I see no reason for anyone to have to risk another coke bust again!

—Economy-Minded Coke Head
Address withheld

Boy, you're smart. But you shouldn't get ahead of yourself. Let's take it all point by point.

Now, first of all, Latimer did not say that coke "causes the body to release" norepinephrine. Your body releases norepinephrine (NR) all the time. What Latimer said was that coke blocks the reabsorption of NR back into nerve cells after they've released it, so that there's a higher concentration of NR in the "intersynaptic cleft" between nerve cells for as long as the cocaine lasts—20 minutes or so—and that, basically, accounts for the high everybody likes so much.

You're absolutely right about norepinephrine and noradrenaline being the same thing, however. Adrenalin

was "adrenalin," and noradrenaline was "noradrenaline," until in the early 1970s a drug company managed to synthesize them, patent the synthetics, and produce them under its own brand names as Adrenalin and Noradrenaline. At that point, all the textbooks had to switch their nomenclature for these hormones, so as to avoid copyright infringement. So they took the Greek equivalent for the Latin word adrenal—epinephros—and came up with epinephrine and norepinephrine. And here you figured it all out by yourself, which is very smart.

And you even located poor City Chemical here as a producer of noradrenaline. City Chemical is very, very urgent about explaining that it sells only to hospitals, not to individuals, or to doctors or pharmacies either. There's also a drug company in New York called Brean Laboratories which sells norepinephrine in an injectable form, patented as Levophed Bitartrate, for use in emergency rooms to restart people's hearts after attacks of myocardial infarction. But really, you honestly would not enjoy what happens after shooting this stuff up.

NR does not pass the blood-brain barrier. There is no way to get NR into your brain tissues, where the high occurs, without punching a hole straight through your skullbone, and if you try that, meningitis is sure to occur. Even if you could possibly get it into your brain, it wouldn't be anything like a cocaine high, because it wouldn't work by the same sort of perverse receptor mechanics as cocaine does. There is no way this stuff would work for you, that is, and even if it did, you sure wouldn't like it.

Anyone who scores NR and tries shooting it is in for a vast disappointment, providing they survive the experience at all. "It would be something

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HIGH TIMES

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Editor's Note

Welcome to the new, improved HIGH TIMES!

From its start in 1974, HIGH TIMES has been a flashing strobe light in a gray media landscape of bland pap. Always sassy and savvy, HIGH TIMES has set standards for alternative journalism at its best. But during the last couple of years, HIGH TIMES, like an entire counter-culture generation, has lost some of its initial energy and direction. So we've made some major changes. Our overhaul job is based on a two-part plan. First, to reaffirm the best aspects of the original HIGH TIMES, the freewheeling, street-smart publication that tackled all sorts of provocative subjects with an authority and a flair not found in any other magazine. Secondly, we want to bring HIGH TIMES up-to-date, to combine the realities of the '80s with the spirit of the '60s.

In this issue, you'll find our vision for the new HIGH TIMES. We are introducing several informational columns—"Scenes" (travel), "High Advice" (health tips), "High Life" (personality profiles), and "High Tech" (electronic products)—and beefing up our pop culture coverage. We are also inaugurating a "Readers Feedback" opinion page. In the features department, look for a rare interview with the reclusive hitmakers ZZ Top and an inside look at Kenny Scharf, a hot young artist with a wild psychedelic style. Of course, not all is flux: what would HIGH TIMES be without our resident legal-chemical expert Dean Latimer and ex-officio cultivation consultant Ed Rosenthal?

On the subject of drugs, there's a common misconception that HIGH TIMES has promoted the indiscriminate use of any and all chemical substances. This charge is ludicrous, and those making it are not familiar with the magazine. Since its beginning, HIGH TIMES has provided virtually the only consistent, reliable and easily available information about the entire panoply of psychoactive drugs. HIGH TIMES will continue to print straight information in a responsible manner about the substances which are an integral part of our contemporary culture.

Further, HIGH TIMES will continue to provide insights into the search for alternate states of consciousness, a psychic quest as old as history, and one which is often lost in the welter of sensationalized horror stories printed in the mainstream media. This search takes many forms—parapsychology, mysticism, the occult, science fiction, dream research and other mental disciplines, as well as the use of chemicals—and HIGH TIMES intends to press on with the various investigations of this positive, life-enhancing pursuit, a task not to be confused with promoting reckless experimentation.

Finally, HIGH TIMES assumes a leadership role in the mandate to make a better world, a challenge that is more important than ever in the Reagan era. We commit ourselves again to being the media's funky rebel with a cause.

We'll be writing to you each month from this space, and we'd like to know what you, our readers, think about these changes. Write back! From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-chief



Pat. Pend.

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—Ed Rosenthal

"It simulates phytotron high energy plant conditions for 1/10 the price."

—Ed Rosenthal

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F LASHES

Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor in Earth vs. the Flying Saucers.



Good News For Space Cases

You're travelling through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound, but of mind. At the signpost up ahead—The UFO Zone...

The world of UFOs and UFO fanatics is a fascinating subject, if you can wade through the obvious phonies and spacey philosophizing. A good way of doing that is to subscribe to *Saucer Smear* (P.O. Box 1709, Key West, FL 33041), a UFO newsletter. *Saucer Smear* is crammed with "UFO gossip items, juicy fan letters and semi-libelous ravings," according to "Editor and Still Supreme Commander" James W. Moseley. Unlike the airhead ramblings of

some ufologist literature, Moseley's newsletter displays a sharp sense of humor and a playful way of deal-

ing with a subject steeped in controversy. It's worth checking out, earthlings...

Presbyterian Potheads

Which students are most likely to smoke marijuana? Presbyterian boys who live with their fathers. The least likely? Methodists, black female high school students, students whose best friends don't turn on, and, not surprisingly, students who plan to go into the military. These and other oddball statistics were gleaned from the latest survey

studying student pot use. Brian du Toit, an anthropologist at the University of Florida who conducted the survey, found that the aforementioned Presbyterians were the most likely group to toke once or more a week. Overall, du Toit learned that 68% of the students he surveyed lit up once a year or less, while 18% indulged at least once a month.

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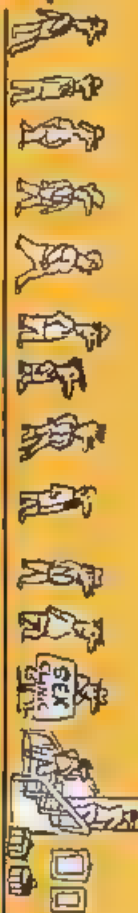


● **Old Demons:** *Giorno, Carroll, Burroughs, Lunch and Johansen* (l. to r.) celebrate Bill's 70th b'day.

Photo by X-ite Simon

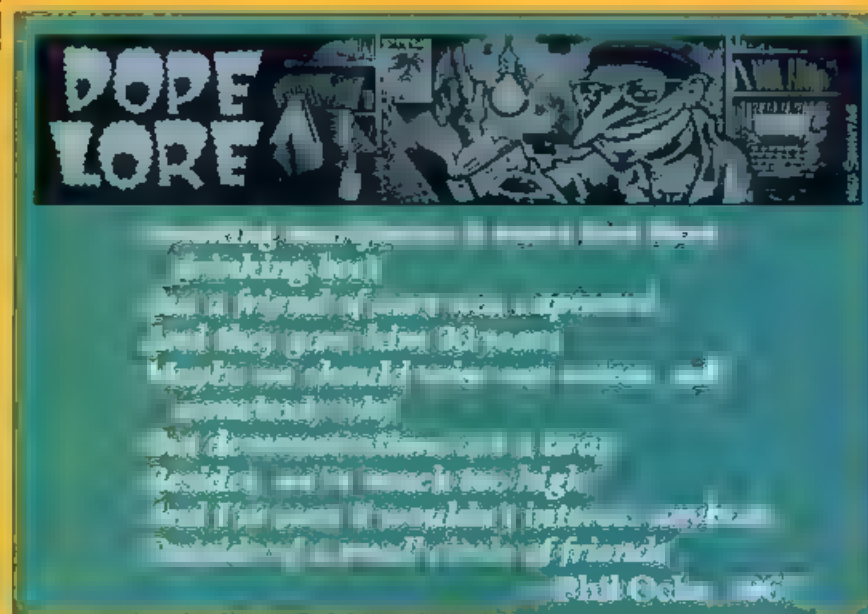
men with sexual problems to test a sex-stimulant drug, they got hundreds of volunteers. And the appli-

cations are still pouring in. The drug being tested is yohimbine, an experimental aphrodisiac which has been shown to increase the sex drive in rats. Hey, wait a minute! Didn't HIGH TIMES point out the sexual benefits of yohimbine long ago? And isn't the drug available legally through ads in this magazine? So who needs research?!



When we have a President who "jokes" about bombing the Russians, it's pretty hard to laugh about the nuclear situation. But such a grim subject cries out for the tonic of humor. That's why there is cause for rejoicing over the release of *Situation Room*, a radioplay that spoofs the subject of nuclear war. First broadcast on Public Radio stations, *Situation Room* is a razor-sharp satire that postulates a future where nuclear war is just another videogame. For 25¢, the player of the future gets to take over as President and Commander-in-Chief and make split-second decisions about an escalating nuclear crisis. The radioplay, which was praised by SANE as "the most scathing nuclear satire since *Dr. Strangelove*," has been released on cassette tape, with all proceeds going to SANE. The tape is available for \$8 from E-RADIO THEATER,

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TALES OF THE PIZZAZZ AGE

Where is Scott Fitzgerald now that N.Y. needs him?

by David Hershkovits

It's really a shame that no one has come along to define the club-land scene the way F. Scott Fitzgerald defined the Jazz Age. Perhaps the dual-time drain of television and a vigorous club life would make it too difficult to also commit oneself to writing. Though no fiction writer or journalist has yet emerged as the voice of the contemporary urban generation the way Jack Kerouac or Hunter Thompson once did, there are a number of novels out now in which the New York nightlife of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll plays front and center.

Emily Listfield's *It Was Gonna Be Like Paris* (Dial Press, \$7.95) describes the habitués of the club scene thusly:

"Overgrown children who still protested bedtime, the drunk, the doped up, the hangers-on, the hangers out, the young, the hip, the insomniacs trying to make the night, the party last forever Dancing, dealing, falling on each other, falling away from each other, laughing, sneering, playing pin-ball, nodding out in corners, yelling over the latest hit tunes, whispering, mumbling, silent. At six a.m., the club was just hitting its stride."

If only it were so. Not the description of the "overgrown children," as Listfield chooses to call them, but clubs in New York where the party is just hitting its stride at six a.m. A couple of years ago, the police cracked down on after-hours clubs, those dens of iniquity where booze flowed freely after the legislated closing hour of 4 a.m.

In the East Village, where the book is set, the Pyramid club is a dark, active spot where artists dance away their frustrations to the wee hours. Listfield's description is not so much inaccurate as it is distanced, as though written by an outsider who's dropped in for a night. Reading along in this episodic novel about a would-be artist in the East Village



Illustration by Bob Miles

and her would-be musician boyfriend, who's more of a junkie than a musician, one wonders if there isn't more to these clubs than that.

Here and there, amid the sex and squalor, we get vague references to gentrification, a plague of urban living as communicable as AIDS and herpes. Though it's impinging on the characters' lives, they do little but note its arrival, preferring to look at the world as numbed-out zombies with a taste for the good life. Listfield seems to know the ins and outs of the scene, but she lacks the touch needed to turn her ruminations into music. And it's depressing to boot. There's more to being young and able in New York than this. There's gotta be.

Perhaps it's not fair to compare a novel to real life in the same way that it seems unfair to compare a movie to the novel on which it is based. How often, though, does the life you live become the subject of fiction? Few of us are spies, detectives, molls, rock stars or corporate execs. But all of us are welcome to go to the Big Apple and to partake of its nectar. And those of us that do are thereafter qualified to toast and to criticize those who have drunk from the same glass.

In New York there always exists a vibrant nightlife stretching up and down the rungs of class and society. Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* (Vintage, \$5.95) offers up the Yuppie version of the story as it is

today.

One young man has caught the express train to downward mobility. Safely ensconced in a prestigious, low-paying job in one of New York's glamor industries, McInerney's New Yorker works as a fact checker at a high-brow magazine. By night, however, aided by the everpresent "Bolivian Marching Powder," he takes aim at the thrills and excitement found only at the "chi chi" restaurants, clubs and after-hours joints of lower Manhattan:

"You are not the kind of guy who would be at a place like this at this time of the morning... You are at a nightclub talking to a girl with a shaved head. All might come clear if you could just slip into the bathroom and do a little more Bolivian Marching Powder. Then again, it might not. A small voice inside you insists that this epidemic lack of clarity is a result of too much of that already. The night has already turned on that impeccable pivot where two a.m. changes to six a.m."

It goes without saying that people take drugs in clubs whether it be at Area, New York's heir apparent to the legendary Studio 54, or at Lame-light, Visage or the hoity-toity Club A. That they often retreat to the bathroom to snort coke is also easily verifiable. As for girls with shaved heads... you know it. That and more, because hair (or the lack of it) and fashion have replaced rock 'n' roll as the focus of the glitter and

glam set.

Performance at our hero's exacting job suffers in the wake of his late night overindulgence, love affairs crumble and one-night stands become less and less satisfying. Friends are fellow travelers with no perspective or fuddyduddy fellow workers with no adventure. There seems to be no choice but to ride it out until the end of the line; only then will it be possible to spin out into calmness.

Will no one step forward with an answer to the contemporary club-going dilemma: is it possible to find happiness in the big city and still be one of the party people? Is there anything favorable to be said for the seedy scene? In *Dancing in the Dark* (Vintage, \$5.95), Janet Hobhouse observes the changes that have taken place in Gabriella, her protagonist.

"The clubs changed Gabriella's attitude to parties. Before, she'd seen only the rapacity and guardedness, how contact seemed to be something carefully priced (power, repute, beauty) and then measured out, nothing freely given for the simple pleasure of the


salute, one pilgrim to another. But the anonymity of the crowds at the clubs, the speed and noise, the principle of change: change of partners, change of energies, change of light that picked up and isolated a profile, a sequined shoe, a leer, a neck on a shoulder, a slow roll of a pair of hips, orchestrating an aesthetic of glimpses and exteriors, and not the calculation of other people as things of value, power, importance—all this had changed her."

There is some good to be had after all. Here, however, the clubs discussed are of the gay variety. In this novel of contemporary relationships, a married couple has become involved in the "party hearty" atmosphere of gay New York. For a childless, intelligent woman who expects more out of life than a roof over her head and a body to keep her warm, the effervescent couplings and uncouplings of her homosexual friends serve as light out of the monotony of heterosexual bonding. In the end, however, she turns away from her gay friends, abandoning them once and for all for the love of her man, rekindled now that she has had an affair with a gay man who refuses

to love her. Better him than nothing is her epiphany.


During the disco age of the '70s, gays and straights mixed freely and shared amyl nitrate on through the night. For straights, that was where the action was, where the best new music got played first, where the dancing was the most energetic. The apotheosis of this was Studio 54, despite its "chi chi" pretension and doorman nonsense, a place where people had fun. Today, no such mixing goes on in predominantly gay clubs. Instead, enlightened gays, dressed in the height of androgynous fashions, go out to the clubs with everyone else while their Neanderthal brethren pursue a gay ghetto existence.

Late night New York is a cross-cultural mosaic where the brave and hearty traveler is likely to rub shoulders (if not share lines and tokes) with anyone from presidential press secretaries to movie stars to rap singers to your local newsstand dealer. It is a lusty world of the good, the bad and the beautiful, a world that deserves its own poet, a modern day Damon Runyon. For that we still have to wait. ☐



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HEALTH TIPS

Coke nose, vitamins, asthma

by Cookie Mueller

I bet you've got a problem. We all do. Life is an atrocity, an outrage. There's hard times and heavy weather. You might be unhealthy

or have some minor ailment. You might be overworked, too lazy, crazy, lonely, depressed; too drugged up or not drugged up enough. I can help. You have the questions, I have the answers.

You may wonder if I'm qualified so I'll give you the brief bio. I've studied herbal medicine, holistic medicine, nutrition and psychology. I've given advice that has led to cures of migraine headaches, acne, yeast infections, liver troubles and even herpes. I've helped people with problems resulting from over-indulgence in cocaine or from heroin addiction. I've answered letters from people with problems about enlarging penis size and eradicating painful memories of disastrous love affairs, anxiety about career moves and other life changes. I can even toss in some astrology if needed. I've lived, worked and messed around with deviants, drag queens, drug casualties, dykes and dealers. I've learned mostly everything on the street, starting in Haight-Ashbury in 1966. Send your questions, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023.

Dear High Advisor,

Like a lot of people these days, I'm a coke maniac. I've been doing the stuff for ten years but only lately do I use it every day. Now I've noticed a few problems coming up. Like, for instance, what the hell is going on inside my nose? It hurts. What can I do? It even bleeds. Also I'm losing weight but my eating habits haven't changed. By the way, my preference is Peruvian Flake. What's yours?

—Bill

Boulder, Colo.

Dear B. from B.,

My preference is anything that's free. Fortunately I don't know any-

body who carries teeth-grinding medicine. Now, as for the nose, what the hell is going on? I'd say it's just that familiar case of swollen mucous-membrane irritation. Sounds to me like your flake is not so Peruvian, maybe it's half Colorado head shop. But, seriously, all you need for this is a little vitamin E. Get the oil pearls of E and break them open. Apply directly to the inside of your nose with your fingertip. Do this before you go to sleep. You'll wake up the next morning with a new nose. You'll even have a keen sense of smell and taste once again.

Now the other problem is a bit more serious. It sounds like you're suffering from adrenal exhaustion and daily massive doses of cocaine can lead to this. Cocaine, as we know, isn't inherently evil, but nothing is evil unless used in excess. The coca plant was around in the Jurassic period, before we were here, much less walking around with huge cerebral cortices. Since you're not going to stop and nobody said you should, then you have to do something to counterbalance the ill effects of daily use.

Cocaine speeds up the metabolic rate which in turn speeds up all bodily functions. (That's the reason why you feel that you have to run to the toilet after you snort something even if it's not cut with baby laxative.) As a result all nutrients in the body are used up at a greater rate. Cocaine also raises the blood pressure and, when it wears off, the pressure sometimes drops below normal.

You should pay particular attention to adequate intake of vitamin B-complex because it's needed for the metabolism of carbohydrates and protein. Get some really strong vitamin B-complex (50 mg. per vitamin) tablets. Take some Brewer's yeast. I know it tastes like dog doo but it's extremely digestible. Don't forget vitamin C, as it works in conjunction with the Bs. Try to eat six grams of protein (fish, chicken) twice a day.

Dear High Advisor,

I know a bit about vitamins. I've



always opted for the natural ones. When I was in France not long ago I couldn't find natural ones and only found synthetic ones made by Roche and those other big drug companies. At first I refused to buy them because politically I feel that these companies are basically antihuman. Finally I had to buy them and they acted quickly. I felt better in a matter of four hours and I thought that was strange for vitamins, as their effect is usually felt over a long term. Synthetic vitamins seem to be better. I think I'm beginning to believe in the big drug companies. I've come full circle, believing exactly what my parents believe.

—Full Circle

San Diego, Calif.

Dear Full Circle,

This is such an astute observation. Most people don't know the difference between the two: synthetic or natural vitamins. In France I don't think you looked hard enough. There are homeopathic apothecaries and places where pharmacists will even stir up some herbal concoctions right before your eyes. It's been a while since I was in France but I'm sure these places must carry some kinds of natural vitamins.

Synthetic vitamins can be beneficial for specific purposes in short-term treatments of acute conditions and severe deficiency diseases. In the long run, for disease prevention, only natural vitamins should be used. Supposedly, synthetic vitamins are identical in molecular chemical structure to that of natural ones, but they are chemicals to be used therapeutically. Unless you're dieting, go back to the real ones. And don't worry about that full circle,

go ahead into orbit, I'm sure your parents aren't so bad.

*Dear High Advisor,
I have asthma. Are there any nutritional cures?*

*—Robbed of Breath
New Canaan, Conn.*

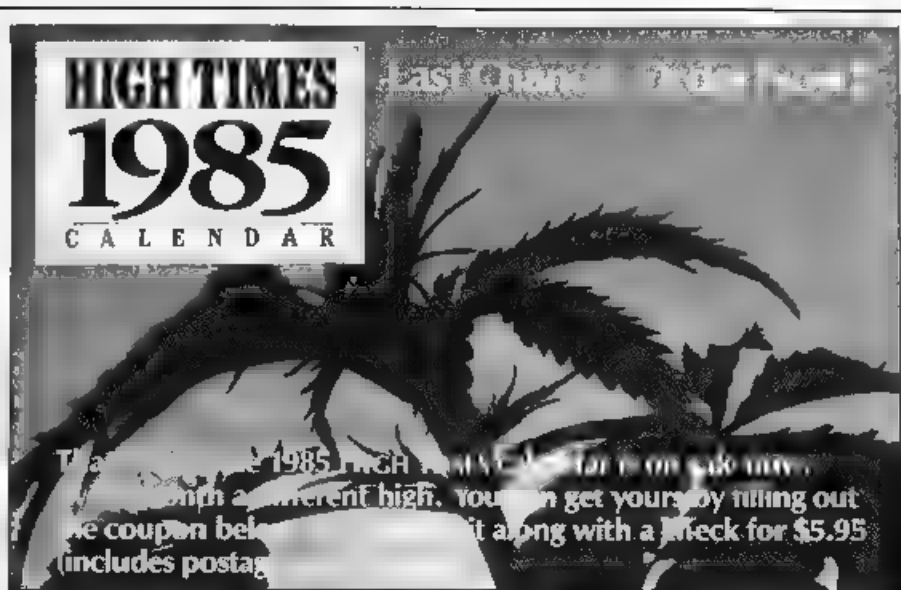
Dear Rob,
You came to the right person. I used to have it myself. I found through allergy testing that I was allergic to milk and, also, a certain pollen that was blowing around in the fall. The solution was simple for me. No milk products, and I moved to New York City where there isn't any pollen. It is clear that asthma has to do with low blood sugar. Any book on hypoglycemia will help you out, as it's far too much involved to include here. But, generally, manganese sometimes helped me; also vitamin E and C, honey and, believe it or not, the allergen itself... pollen. Even though pollen is considered one of the most common allergens of asthmatics, it seems to work. You can buy bee pollen loose at most herbal and health food stores.

*Dear High Advisor,
Why is it so difficult to sell marijuana these days? I think people are more Apollonian lately and less Dionysian. Maybe this is the reason. The only things people use now are cocaine and heroin.*

*—Vinnie Simone
New York, N.Y.*

Dear Vinnie,
I knew this question had to be from a Manhattanite. Everybody in NYC does cocaine and heroin. This question is a good stretch back into ancient Greece for me. I have to think about this one. Now, Apollo, if I'm correct, was the gorgeous one with the lyre? Dionysus was in agriculture. Right? I don't really see the connection between heroin and Apollo.

Let's see... marijuana tends to make people paranoid. It makes them think about horrifying things like careers and the rent. Well, I guess if you transpose agriculture to modern urban problems, it's the same earthy question. The one-room studio apartment can easily become the farm. Career is money, money is bread, aka wheat. Yes, I guess you're right. You answered your own question. □



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SUCCESS IS JUST A SLASH AWAY

For budding record exec Bob Biggs, smaller is better

by Amy Virshup

"You sort of grow up out here thinking you can do anything you want to do," says Bob Biggs, 38, president of Los

Angeles's Slash Records. Which is a good thing, because when Biggs decided that what he wanted to do was run a record company, he knew nothing about the music business. And, as a well-groomed, clean-

cut man in his thirties, he didn't even look like a promoter of L.A.'s decidedly outrageous punk scene.

Biggs started the label in 1979, as an offshoot of *Slash* magazine, of which he was then publisher. Claude Besse (Kickboy Face of the band Catholic Discipline) had started *Slash* in 1978 to document the then-burgeoning L.A. punk scene. Biggs, who was working as a designer, had an office next to the magazine's; he invested in it, and ended up on staff. *Slash*'s first album production, The Germs' *G.I.*, cost \$5,000 (major labels typically spend \$100,000 or more on production). The recording studio agreed to wait for payment until *Slash* had been paid by its distributors. X's *Los Angeles*, the second *Slash* lp, was made on borrowed money. Shortly afterwards, *Slash* magazine folded, and the *Slash* record company was officially born. "We had no expertise," says Biggs, "which was probably a good thing." At that time, an independent record company could expect to sell 10,000 copies of an album; *Los Angeles* sold 60,000.

Although the Go-Go's (who in 1979 were L.A. punks) have since gone on to pop fame, at the time, says Biggs, "There wasn't a lot of clamoring by the major labels for this music. The field was pretty clear for us." Bands like The Germs, Fear and The Gun Club were playing a brand of hard-edged rock 'n' roll which was in direct contrast to what most Americans were listening to on the radio—and buying in the record stores.



● *Biggs-shot: Mini-mogul Bob Biggs is boss of Slash Records.*

The *Slash* sound dictated *Slash* marketing. *Slash* concentrated on getting its bands on college radio and into the local clubs. With a network of regional independent distributors who were closely connected to small record stores, *Slash* focused on the cities and it kept its bands on the road: a group signed with *Slash* would tour for as long as ten months to support one record.

This long-term marketing strategy also required that a record be given time to sell and a band time to build its audience. The label focused on a group's career rather than on an individual release; most groups on *Slash* could count on having a second or third record. It also meant that *Slash* was making inexpensive records with a staff of less than ten; there wasn't an enormous gamble taken on any one record.

Which is not to say that all bands have been happy on *Slash*. Biggs says, half-jokingly, "I get up in the morning and I know that everybody's going to hate me."

"But," he continues, "the way we did it was the only way we could do it. The more you're product-oriented, the more you run risks that only large companies can sustain."

The strategy paid off: *Slash* eventually sold more than 150,000 X records, a phenomenal number for an indie. No second *Slash* album has ever sold worse than a first, nor a third worse than a second.

But, by the early '80s, the music business was in bad shape. The major record companies, which had run up huge profits in the mid-'70s, had seen record sales drop off sharply. And *Slash*, dealing with small distributors, also faced sluggish record sales. Says Biggs, "As a small company we had to have the security of a major distributor." He negotiated his own deal with Warner Brothers records. (X had left the year before for Elektra/Asylum, a division of WEA; to date, their most recent album on Elektra/Asylum, *More Fun in the New World*, has sold 100,000 copies in the U.S.—not

much better than what they sold on Slash.) Warner Brothers distributed the Blasters' first album after its release on Slash, then agreed to distribute all Slash releases. They also offered to co-release certain albums on a Slash/Warner's label.

The deal has meant changes for both companies. Warner Brothers has had to learn how to distribute records that sell over a period of months, and which don't have the support of a radio hit. Slash now spends \$25,000 to \$35,000 to produce an album. Biggs, who once considered a record that sold 15,000 a hit now says, "If a record doesn't sell 40 to 50,000 we don't consider it happening."

It also means there are bands that Biggs can't sign because "their music is too esoteric for our distribution." The hardcore bands that previously might have ended up on Slash now record for smaller indies like SST or Frontier. Which doesn't bother Biggs. "Hard core," he says, "has become like what folk music used to be. If you can't reach the people, why do it?" Although few Slash-signed bands are primarily melodic, they no longer play short and fast; most blend familiar American sounds with a new wave stance, like the country punk of Rank and File and the artful-primitive sound of the Violent Femmes. "I find that much more interesting than whatever's stylish in England this month," says Biggs. "We don't go for a musical aesthetic, it's more of an attitude aesthetic."

That the "hip quotient" may judge Slash as giving up its radical ways doesn't faze Biggs. He says he's interested in offering "a clear choice to much of the stuff that majors package for consumption," and putting out music that challenges the ears of the public—which often even includes bands with radio airplay and light rotation on MTV.

But Slash continues to sign some bands major labels ignore, like Boston's Del Fuegos, of whom Biggs says, "They're young and rebellious, and that's never a bad thing in a band."

Slash has never had a gold record or a hit single. But Biggs remains confident. The Blasters and chicano-rockers Los Lobos have new albums due out this winter; both will soon join band Rank and File on a nationwide tour. Says Biggs, "It's all about to blow wide open." □

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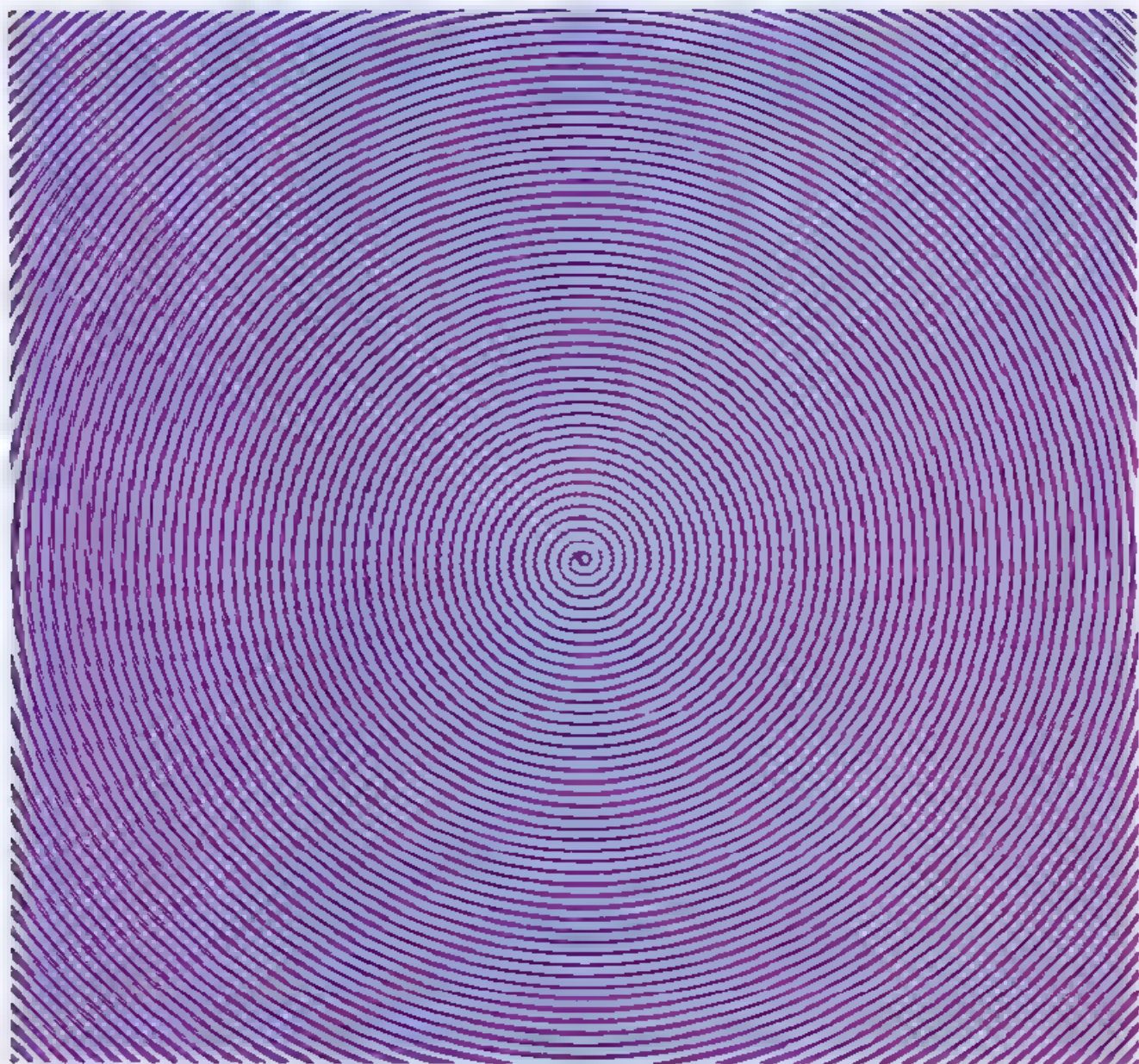
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MIRACLE GROWTH DRUG?
See page 24

"SUPER-SALMONELLA" TIED TO DRUG ABUSE

by Claire Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D.C. DRUG ABUSE IS THE direct cause of a new wave of epidemic diseases with a historically-unparalleled mortality rate, researchers at the federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC) have proven. The drugs which have given rise to these frightening new disease entities are not familiar "street" drugs like heroin and cocaine, but the ordinary broad-spectrum antibiotics penicillin and tetracycline. And the abusers of these drugs are not urban junkies or middle-class schoolchildren, but the untold millions of American beef cattle and swine which have been routinely dosed with antibiotics, by industrial farmers, for the last 30 years.

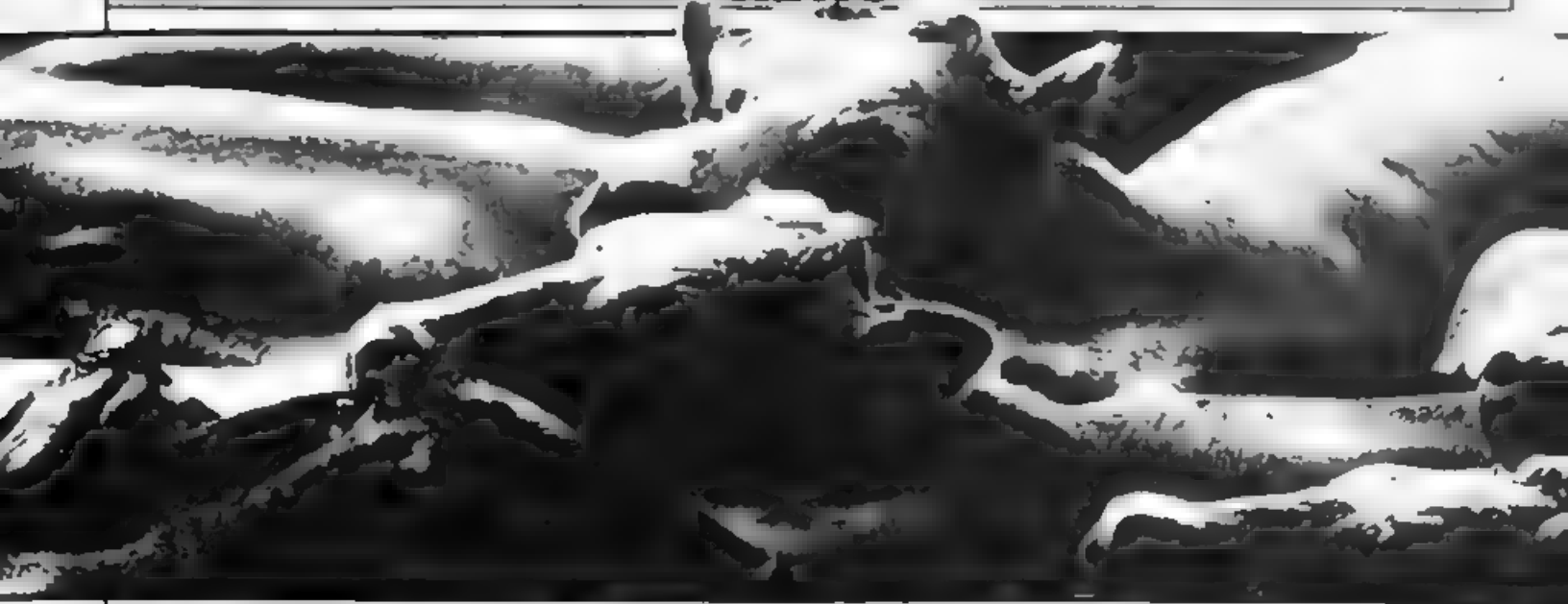
The new findings by the CDC's federal epidemiologists, released last autumn,



• Do you want your children eating "penicillin franks?"

Wide World

Market Quotes p.27 • Grow American p.28



/ continued from previous page

have been compared to the finding of a "smoking gun" by disease detectives, after a long and painstaking investigation that was frequently obstructed by other government agencies. By precisely tracing the source of a recent widespread outbreak of penicillin-resistant enteritis to a single herd of South Dakota beef cattle, CDC epidemiologist Dr. Scott Holmberg demonstrated that the animals themselves had been infected with disease-resistant *Salmonella newport* bacteria at the time of slaughter. *Salmonella newport* is a newly-discovered antibiotic-resistant relative of traditional *Salmonella muenchen*, which causes traditional "food poisoning" symptoms in humans: diarrhea, headache, fever and so on. The symptoms caused by the novel *newport* strain are much more virulent than ordinary food-poisoning symptoms, and of course it can't be treated by either penicillin or tetracycline. As a result, the death rate in humans from the new salmonella strain is more than 20 percent higher than the ordinary rate of mortality.

"What we're seeing here," explains a scientific source outside the government contacted by HIGH TIMES, "is evolution proceeding before our eyes. Thirty years ago, when meat producers began dosing stock with penicillin and tetracycline, these antibiotic-resistant bacteria were insignificant subpopulations of bacteria in general. The wholesale dosing of millions of stock animals with antibiotics killed off nonresistant bacteria strains over the years, so that these resistant strains gained an ascendancy. Now they're everywhere, and not just in cattle, but human beings too." So far, only stomach-affecting salmonella strains have been proven to proceed from animal-dosing practices, although other bacteria which causes diseases like deadly anthrax may well have been similarly affected, many scientists speculate.

The appearance of these new disease organisms has touched off a political contro-

versy which has been simmering for over a decade. In the 1970s, when the link between stock dosing and disease-resistant bacteria first became accepted by the scientific community, Great Britain and other European countries immediately imposed legislation against industrial stock dosing. In the United States, however, proposals for a similar injunction against the practice encountered insurmountable opposition from both the established farm lobby and the powerful pharmaceuticals industry.

The Farm Bureau Federation has raised many tough arguments against a ban on stock dosing. Stockraisers in unhealthy grazing areas, such as swampy areas, can achieve an equal competitive chance against stockraisers who happen to have better locations, thanks to antibiotic stock dosing. And the industrial producers of antibiotics, which comprise all the giant drug companies—Pfizer and American Cyanamid, mainly, along with Eli Lilly, American Hoechst, and Upjohn—would be literally bankrupted by a sudden ban on stock dosing. More than half of all the penicillin and tetracycline produced in the United States every year is fed to cattle and swine by meat raisers.

Which is exactly the reason these new disease organisms have become ascendant, as Tufts University microbiologist Dr. Stuart Levy explained in *Science* magazine's October 12, 1984 issue: "Every animal or person taking an antibiotic... becomes a factory, producing resistant strains through selection of existing and newly emerging resistant organisms." On any given day, literally millions of American stock animals—90 percent of all veal calves, and 70 percent of all other cattle—are literal factories for new super-salmonella bacteria. And this state of affairs has persisted continuously over many, many generations of cattle by now.

The investigation of this phenomenon by epidemiologists has uncovered an interesting new facet of evolutionary mechanics as

they occur among single-cell organisms, too. Last year in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Harvard researchers reported the discovery that antibiotic-resistant bacteria can actually confer their penicillin-beating qualities to other bacteria, by exchanging small fragments of immunity-coding RNA, called "plasmid bodies." In this way, bacteria seem to be able to evolve by quasi-Lamarckian principles: by transmitting their acquired antibiotic-resistant qualities directly to future generations of bacteria. This helps to explain why these new super-salmonella disease entities have appeared within such a relatively brief stretch of evolutionary time.

The proof that wholesale stock dosing directly promotes the appearance of these super-salmonella bacteria has greatly weakened the farming and drug lobbies' resistance to proposals for a legislative injunction against the practice. The Farm Bureau lobby now merely protests that such a ban would cause meat products to rise in the short run. The argument is countered by scientists, some within the FDA, who point out that stock dosing could be restricted to the use of specific, narrow-spectrum antibiotics, which would not give rise to bacteria resistant to *all* antibiotics.

A proposed FDA ban on dosing stock with the broad spectrum antibiotics penicillin and tetracycline is currently before the House of Representative's committee on environment and health, chaired by Rep. Henry Waxman (R-Md.). As long as the all-important House Appropriations Committee is controlled by veteran farmer's advocate Jamie Whitten (D-Miss.), however, the bill is expected to languish there permanently.

In Washington, the National Resources Defense Council is preparing a petition to declare stock dosing an "imminent hazard" to the health of all Americans. If broadly supported by the public, the petition may force Congress to take action on this issue, whether they want to or not. **WT**

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

COFFEE BEANS AND TEA leaves may be potential sources of natural, nontoxic pesticide preparations, a Harvard neurologist has determined. Working with the larvae of several common garden-pest insects, Dr. James Nathanson here discovered that coffee and tea plants appear to produce their special "drug" ingredients—caffeine and theophylline—as insect repellents. Insect larvae exposed to powdered preparations of tea and coffee, Nathanson reported in the October 12, 1984 issue of *Science* magazine, simply stop eating the leaves on which they normally feed. At sufficiently high concentrations of tea and coffee, the larvae effectively starve to death.

In human beings, caffeine and theophylline have moderate stimulating effects when they're taken in beverages like coffee and tea (and the theobromine in cocoa has identical effects, whether taken as a chocolate bar or in hot chocolate).

COFFEE & TEA: KILL BUGS DEAD



These "methylated xanthine" substances have rather more extreme effects when the purified alkaloids are taken, as in caffeine "stay-awake" pills or theophylline-based deconges-

ants: reduction of appetite, stimulated physical activity, alertness and nervousness typically result. In insects, the same xanthine chemicals can literally cause the creatures to starve themselves to death: "a dose-dependent inhibition of feeding," Nathanson describes it, "associated with hyperactivity, tremors and stunted growth."

By growing the larvae of tobacco hornworms in petri dishes coated with different concentrations of powdered tea and coffee, Nathanson showed that tea (which contains both theophylline and caffeine) was rather more potent than coffee (which contains only caffeine) as an insecticide. He then experimented with sprays concocted from tea and coffee, and found them to be effective in abolishing feeding by several other species of larvae, including mosquito larvae.

To determine exactly how these xanthines produce their effects in insects, Nathanson used a related synthetic compound called 2-isobutylmethylxanthine (IBMX). By incubating IBMX with isolated larval nerve cells, he found that the xanthine greatly increased the concentration of the "power hormone" CamP (adenosine 3'5' monophosphate) within the cells' bodies. He reports that the xanthines do this by prohibiting the

breakdown of CamP by enzymes, and presumably the resultant overstimulation of neural activity causes the insects to literally starve and work themselves to death.

The discovery that these "drug" chemicals are produced by plants as insect repellents helps considerably to explain why certain plants do naturally produce chemicals which get human beings high. Evidently they only *happen* to get people high, by exerting a low order of a neurological effect which, in tiny insects, can be fatally toxic. Xanthines like caffeine are not the only natural plant drugs, of course; Nathanson also experimented with papaverine, a prime opium alkaloid, and found that it also kills bugs by hyping up CamP activity, although by a somewhat different mechanism than inhibiting CamP's breakdown enzyme.

The *Science* report concludes by showing that these natural plant xanthines could considerably increase the effectiveness and safety of certain "formamidine" insecticides, which work by directly increasing CamP activity in insect nerve cells. The addition of xanthines to these preparations would not merely enhance their bug-killing effectiveness, but also lower their index of toxic effects to humans and other mammals. **WT**

"PARAQUAT PLUS": DEA ZEROES IN ON '85 POT

W A S H I N G T O N, D. C.

"WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS THE FIRST STEP IN THE ERADICATION of the 1985 domestic crop," a legislative source told *HIGH TIMES* when the Drug Enforcement Administration last fall announced plans to acquire massive stores of three potent herbicides before the coming pot-growing season. Although the DEA is currently prohibited under federal law from spraying poison on marijuana crops, the agency is rushing the paperwork process necessary to gain permission to do so from the Environmental Protection Agency. With heavy support from Dr. Carleton Turner, the White House special policy adviser on drug issues, the DEA is expected to begin poisoning pot crops coast to coast soon after the planting season begins in June.

The DEA's advance guidelines disclose that a brand of glyphosate herbicide called "Roundup," from the Monsanto chemical company, will be sprayed on early-season pot. Glyphosate needs three days just to turn plants yellow, according to Monsanto, and when burned it yields methyl cyanide, among other toxic gasses. The DEA will also be spraying 2,4-D, part of the well-known "Agent Orange" herbicide. At harvest, paraquat will be used, if the EPA goes along with the DEA/White House lobbyists, and if the Chevron chemical company makes necessary labelling changes on the ultra-toxic pulmonary pathogen.

NORML national coordinator Kevin Zeese tells *HIGH TIMES*, "We've tied up the DEA in federal court on this issue for nearly two years now, and we intend to keep them in court. Unless people get together and voice their opinions about poisoning pot and pot-smokers, though, I can guarantee the DEA will just go ahead and break the law again this year." **WT**

MAFIA STOOLIE RAN AMAZON COKE LABS

S A O P A U L O , B R A Z I L

FUGITIVES FROM THE TRADITIONAL Italian-American Mafia have been muscling in on the ever-growing cocaine traffic in Brazil, police and court documents show. When Italian authorities succeeded in extraditing several notorious Sicilian refugees from Brazil last year—beginning with super-informant Tomasso Buscetta, a top Cosa Nostra capo of the 1960s—Brazilian authorities discovered that these “retired” Mafiosi had been investing heavily in real estate in the Amazon jungles. Property in those isolated

Tomasso Buscetta and his Sicilian associates resettled in Brazil in the 1970s, after losing a bloody power struggle within the top echelons of the Mafia. While Buscetta was living here, rival Mafiosi in Sicily systematically murdered his two sons, his son-in-law, his brother and a nephew, to discourage him from ever returning. Last fall, however, Italian authorities finally prevailed on the Brazilian *federates* to roll up Buscetta and turn him over to Italian cops for extradition. After a perfunctory suicide attempt in custody, Buscetta decided to turn over on the Sicilian Mafiosi who wiped out his family,

the Buscetta gang's activities in eastern and southern Brazil, however, tend to suggest that several different wholesale coke-moving operations may now be functioning in Brazil.

American dope-trade analysts now suspect that Buscetta may have been working in collaboration with certain Argentinian coke movers, who are currently working to establish an exporting operation to North America and Europe which will be independent of Colombian influence, according to the American Department of State. While Bizarro and Sansone, Buscetta's top lieutenants, were in jail in Brasilia awaiting extradition back to Sicily, Brazilian narcs made an unprecedented series of dope raids—most likely on information provided by the jailed *Sichanos*. In Amazona state, the *federates* eradicated 12 million coca bushes and busted “several dozen” visa-less Colombian hoods; and in Santos, far to the south on the Atlantic near Sao Paulo, they intercepted over 100



● TOMASSO BUSCETTA (arrow) with Brazilian hoods in 1972 jungle roundup.

places is worthless, except as coca-leaf plantations and sites for cocaine-refining labs.

Police officials affirm that Buscetta and two of his Sicilian henchmen, Giuseppe Bizarro and Fabrizio Sansone, owned substantial property in some of the most desolate territory in the central Amazon. “The only evidence we have is that the Buscetta gang had a large farm in the interior of Para State with an air strip with difficult access overland, which made it an ideal place for a cocaine operation,” a top Brasilia *federale* told reporters. Para State is wholly undeveloped, unsuitable for either conventional agriculture or cattle-grazing; coca plants grow there readily enough, though, and are about the only growing commodity that would repay the development money required to cultivate it there and fly it out after harvest

and has been giving testimony about the workings of the Italian-American Mafia ever since.

The incidental exposure of the Buscetta gang's activities in Brazil, while they were in mob-enforced exile here, provide further fascinating sidelights into the new Latin American cocaine traffic, which operates largely outside of traditional Mafia influence. In recent years, the Amazonian territories of western Brazil have increasingly become the center of the coke trade, thanks to intensified narcotics crackdowns across the border in Colombia. In response, the Colombian gangsters who largely run the coke trade have opened up vast new coca-shrub terraces and lab-refining operations around Manaus, on the Amazon River in the Brazilian interior. These latest revelations about

tons of ether which had been destined for use in Colombian-run coke-refining labs.

The Buscetta gangsters themselves, police discovered, had been washing their dope money through a nonexistent sportswear company in Betim, and had been investing it in urban property in Sao Paulo—where lucrative casinos, nightclubs and brothels abound. Altogether, Brazilian authorities turned up disturbing indications of extensive organized-crime activity throughout the country, in the wake of the Buscetta extradition, and turned it up more or less inadvertently. Drug-law enforcement is a touchy topic for the police in Brazil nowadays, since the total collapse of the economy in the early 1980s has made it virtually impossible for the government to subsidize any law-enforcement at all. **WT**

HIGH TIMES 23

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L O N D O N , E N G L A N D

THE PUBLISHING COMPANY, TOSCANEX Ltd., which distributes such drug-oriented publications as *The Cocaine Consumer's Handbook*, *Mama Coca*, *Psychedelic Mushrooms of the British Isles*, *The Marijuana Grower's Guide* and an extensive string of San Francisco-produced underground comic books, was cleared of criminal charges for doing so after a month-long trial at the Old Bailey here last spring. A British jury concluded, after hearing an interminable stretch of "expert testimony" about the effects of drugs, that none of these publications qualified for banning under the Obscene Publications Act of Great Britain.

The Toscanex publishers stood charged with "conspiracy to cause persons to possess drugs," a complicated interpretation of the provisions of the Obscene Publications Act which had been construed by the Queen's prosecutors in an attempt to make the Act apply to drug-oriented, besides strictly erotic, literature. Immediately after the trial began last May, the judge at the Old Bailey insisted that the charge be watered down to "conspiracy to incite persons to possess drugs," which undermined the prosecutors' strategy to begin with. The prosecutors then proceeded to seal their own fate, in the opinion of many, by insisting on presenting "expert testimony" as to the effects of various drugs.

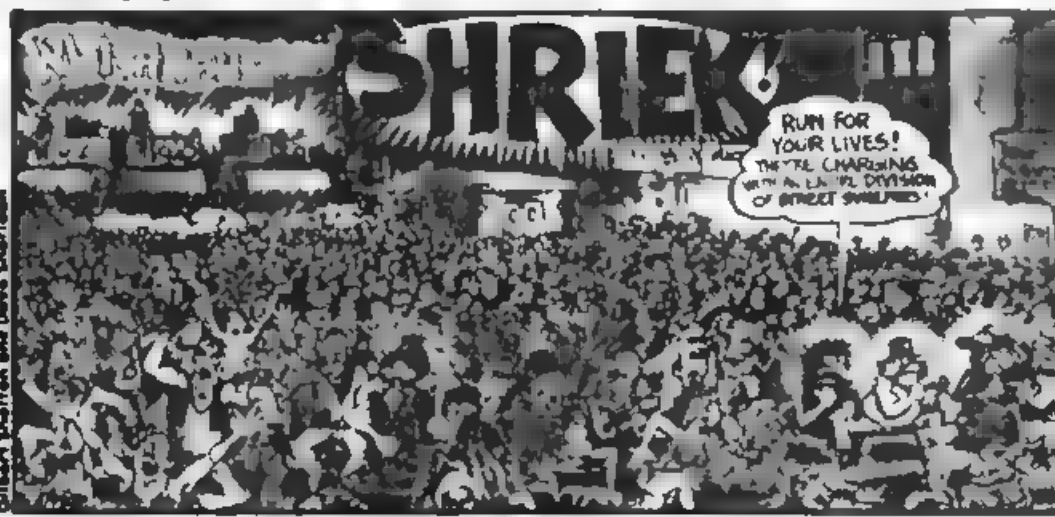
The result was an extended colloquy between degreed drug experts hired by the prosecution and the defense. Professor James Griffith-Edwards, for the prosecution, started out by citing a figure of 35,000 persons allegedly admitted to federally-funded drug-treatment programs in the United States,

supposedly for "cannabis" problems, since no such figure has ever been given by any U.S. federal treatment agency, defense experts were quickly able to trace the figure down to an unsubstantiated estimate in a notoriously-unreliable Canadian tabloid.

Griffith-Edwards' prime prosecution point involved the notorious "fat retention" properties of cannabis: the fact that metabolites of THC remain in the body for days and weeks after one-time use, raising the theoretical possibility that regular smokers may experience increasing effects from every successive dose. The expert defense witnesses, professor James Graham and Dr. Thomas Bowley, quickly punctured this one: the end-products of THC which are retained in the body in this way, they pointed out, are not psychoactive or bioactive in any way, and are not retained in the brain at all, but in "neutral fat" in the digestive system. Therefore, their accumulation in the body is of no relevance whatsoever to cannabis smokers.

Griffith-Edwards riposted with the warning that many cannabis users in Great Britain don't smoke simple marijuana, but concentrated hash oil, and that scientific reports based on the effects of marijuana might not realistically pertain to its much more potent hash-oil extraction. The defense experts countered this with the observation that people who smoke concentrated preparations of cannabis naturally tend to adjust the dose downward, and cited scientific reports to prove it.

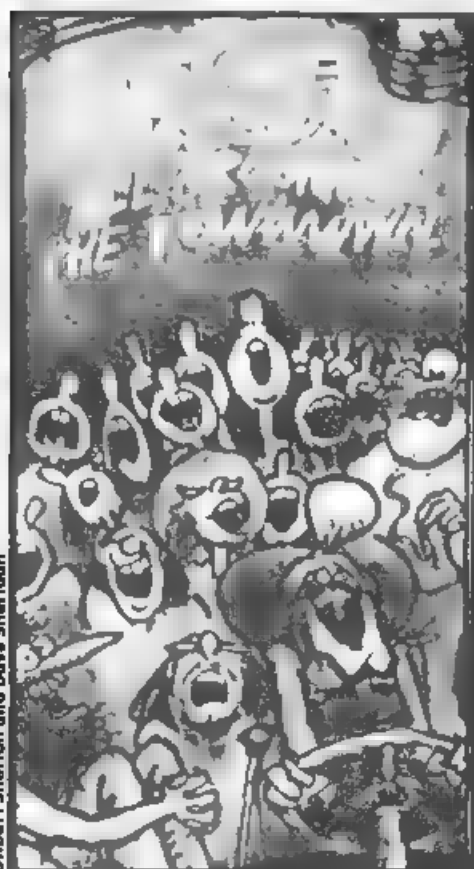
"For much of the trial," a barrister reported afterward, "one could be forgiven for thinking that the whole trial was about the effects of drugs, and had nothing to do with the books" under indictment. Indeed, the con-



• The forces of British purity bore down on our brave heroes...

tents of the books were hardly mentioned anywhere during the 23-day proceedings. In essence, the trial was a spit-fight between scientists over fine points in the interpretation of scientific reports.

At the close of the trial, the judge directed the jury to make its findings of guilt or inno-



Gilbert Shelton and Dave Sheridan

...but they got off Scot-free.

cence dependent on two factors: 1) whether "encouragement" to drug use could be "equated with the tendency to deprave and corrupt," and 2) whether any of these books "intended to encourage the use of the drug in question." He further directed them to return "not guilty" findings on *The Cocaine Consumer's Handbook* and *The Cocaine Handbook*, both by American author David Lee, "on the grounds that he [the judge] felt after hearing argument at the conclusion of the prosecution case that no reasonable jury could find that they intended to encourage drug use." Finally, even if any of the remaining books *did* tend to encourage drug use, the judge told the jury to consider whether "publication was in the interests of learning or other objects of general concern."

After seven and a half hours, the jury returned a unanimous finding of not guilty for each publication under indictment. The exact grounds on which they came to this conclusion were not elucidated. The main result of the proceedings, most observers concluded, was simply to discourage the Queen's prosecutors from ever trying this ploy a second time **HT**

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TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

TEEN TEMPTATIONS: UP FOR GRABS

by Gene Wheelwright

We spent some time recently in Sonoma County, California, with our friend the Old Dope Grower, and got a feel for what it takes these days to bring in a crop of sinsemilla.

It had been a bad year for the Old Grower. A spotter-plane photograph had revealed his and his partner's garden to the watchful eye of the law, and the CAMP forces had arrived one afternoon with their assault weapons and taken out the whole crop. He wasn't bumming out, though—his eyes were already lit with plans for next year's evasive action. We had the feeling he would no more give up growing marijuana now than he would cut off the long hair and beard that he had grown out many years before as a testament to the revolution that marijuana and other psychedelics had wrought in his consciousness.

The question of how to respond effectively to the new oppression was already resolved in the Old Grower's mind: to get beyond the widening circle of media attention to the remote boondocks, where the boys in khaki camouflage would not be so likely to strut their stuff. But even then, there would be the other dangers to outdoor growing—

"There are some professional thugs," he said, "that go around and take folks' crops—and they will sometimes get very violent. But aside from the thugs, probably the worst economic problem is teenagers."

We found this hard to believe, thinking of

the big spread the police-paramilitary was always getting in the media, not to mention the daily big-crime atrocities that you would associate with pot country if your only source of information was the *New York Times*.

"Whenever they find a grower," he said, "word goes around their school, and those that are into it go for it. That's the biggest problem that growers have—teenagers ripping them off. It happens all the time."

The Old Grower went on then to tell the story of a mutual friend's typical garden back in the woods, for which he had felt compelled to hire two full-time guards. "All of a sudden they came down the hill out of the night—two teenagers and two older than that—wearing ski masks and carrying baseball bats. When they were confronted by one of our friend's guards, one of the teenagers attacked him with a baseball bat—only to find himself facing a loaded pistol. Which alone caused him to back off. And they turned around and left—but pissed."

"What they ended up doing was going around the mountain and coming on to a neighbor's land, and they caught the neighbor in his cabin. They wanted to know where his pot fields were, and when he wouldn't tell them, they put a noose around his neck and tightened it, put a rifle in his mouth and cocked it, poured kerosene on him and threw matches at him, and generally kicked

the shit out of him... and then left, without finding out where the pot was."

"Sounds like teenagers developing into professional thugs," we said.

"They cross over," he said. "Some are just out for a rise, and some are sociopaths."

Sociopaths, we thought, legitimized and even encouraged by the illegitimacy of the product they were ripping off.

"So those are some of the hazards that you'll run, however remote your crop?"

"Oh, not to mention mice, deer, pigs."

"But the most dangerous ones," we remarked, "seem to be the humans."

"Yes," said the Old Grower. "By far."

Local bulletins... On October 3rd, George Blum, 19, of Terra Linda, California, was shot dead while raiding a marijuana-filled greenhouse in nearby Novato. This was the first recorded marijuana-related killing in Marin County. The next day, October 4th, 18-year-old Jesse Golding, of San Rafael, was shot in the shoulder—by a 17-year-old grower—while raiding a back-porch pot patch. He managed to walk to a pay phone to call an ambulance.

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UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Boston	Colombo red sinse	oz	100
Boulder, Colo.	crystalline red-	oz	180-200
	headed sinse	lb	1800-2000
Butte County, Calif.	beauty buds,	lb	2100
	top of the tops		
Marin County, Calif.	crème de cubensis,	oz	75
	deluxe shrooms	lb	750
Miami	basic coke from	gr	40-80
	Caracas, via P.R.	oz	1100-1800
New York City	African, grayish	oz	1.2
	brown, blah	lb	1.00
	Connecticut sinse,	oz	1
	unscented	lb	1350-1500
	Kashmir, temple	lb	3000
	balls, super-goo		
Oakland, Calif.	and/or sativa/indica,	lb	1600-1800
	4-toke dope		
San Francisco	gold Thai sinse,	oz	175
	new exotic	lb	1500-1900
	"80 mg gr. LSD	l	1
	turquoise gel		
Sonoma County, Calif.	manufactured buds,	oz	160-200
	Algha sin stock	lb	1.00-2000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	grade A fancy,	oz	135-235
	growing glut	lb	1600-2250
	rare but real		
Hawaiian sinse	last year's brown,	oz	50
	much seeds	lb	550-700
Commercial Mexican	this year's green,	oz	100-125
	red & hairy	lb	800-850
Top of the Mex	gnarly bluish-green,	lb	700-800
	high-alt mystery	oz	125-150
Thai weed	brown, inner and	oz	100-150
	low, outer	lb	1200-1500
	green bricks with	oz	125-150
	locks	lb	1500-1900
Thailand weed	strong brown,	oz	125
	"budget Thai"	lb	750-825
Jamaican	salt of the earth,	oz	100
Jamaican brand	pressed black	lb	875
Jamaican commercial	down to earth,	oz	50-75
Colombian	speed & stress	lb	450-700
merch	basin dirt weed	oz	35-60
Afghani hash	on the streets	lb	450-525
Colombian coke	blackgun	lb	1300-1600
	avocado of rocks	oz	1800
ADM ("XTC")	and Fajano, 0.4%.	oz	45-100
	MDA refinement,	gm	70-85
	"new love drug"	(8 hits)	

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LSD	black tabs	one	\$8
Domestic grass	from Europe	100 grs	30
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	it's all they get		
Paraguayan hash	black, sticky	5 gm	30
Coke, class A	processed in	gm	25-30
	Peru	oz	450
Coke, class B	processed in	gm	20
	Bolivia	oz	325

HONG KONG

Kashmir hash	blond, market	gm	2-50
	flooded	kilo	1250
Nepalese hash	stone, used	gm	6
	with opium	kilo	2500
Alghani hash	scarce, some	gm	6
	stamped	kilo	2500
Paki hash	black &	gm	3.50
	beautiful	kilo	2500
Thai hash	rare from	oz	80
	Chiang Mai	kilo	2500
Philippine gold	easier to find,	oz	50
	still a thrill	kilo	1000

SPRING HARVESTS

That Mysterious Flowering Factor

by Charlie Frink

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, PLANT RESEARCHERS have been looking for a plant hormone which they are sure exists but have not been able to find. They have named the hypothetical chemical "florigen" and scientists believe that it controls flowering.

Marijuana plants flower as a response to their environment. The day-length decreases and the night-length increases after June

21. The plant produces a hormone which is destroyed by light. When the hormone builds up to a critical level in the plant, the plant hypothetically produces florigen and grows reproductive organs (flowers). Rather than measuring the number of hours of daylight, the plants measure the number of hours of uninterrupted darkness. Should the dark period be interrupted with even a short burst of light, the countdown starts from the beginning.

When short-season plants are placed outdoors or in a natural light greenhouse until about March 21, when the number of hours of light and darkness are equal, they begin to flower. Some plants revert to vegetative growth as the number of hours of light increases. However, some short-season varieties, which show flowering response with fourteen hours of light, will come in unaided. If the plants start to revert they can be covered with opaque black plastic each evening after sunset, and then removed in the morning, limiting the number of hours of light which the plants receive.

Some areas of the country are too cold to



● This makeshift greenhouse, only 2 feet high, allowed the grower to start plants months earlier than usual.



● These plants were grown under lights. They needed no adjustment period going out in the spring since the sunlight isn't powerful enough to burn them at that time.



Photos by Ed Rosenthal

● They were transplanted at the same time they were brought into the greenhouse, around March 1st.

grow outdoors in March or April without some sort of protection. Just covering the ground with black plastic so it warms up and retains the heat may be sufficient. One grower painted coffee cans black and filled them with water, then covered them with their plastic tops. He used the cans in a circle around each plant. The water heated up during the day and radiated heat at night. Greenhouses can be heated using a small gas or electric unit. Gas heaters produce carbon dioxide (CO₂) which promotes plant growth. Another inexpensive way to keep plants warm is by using heat mats or heat cables. These electrical devices use very little cur-

rent to heat the root area of the plant. The ambient air temperature does not seem to be as important as the roots' temperature. If the roots are kept warm, the ambient air temperature can go lower than usual without affecting the plant adversely. Also, since heat rises, the air temperature at the plant level is higher than the surrounding air, since the medium radiates heat.

Long-season plants cannot be used for spring harvests. They do not start to flower unless the number of hours of uninterrupted darkness falls below 12 hours. As soon as the number of hours of light increases, the plants return to vegetative state. Instead, these varieties are best used for second fall or winter harvests, which will be covered in a subsequent article during the International Year of the Bud.

When the buds are ready to harvest, in late May or early June, they should be picked off the plant, leaving some leaves on the remaining branches. The plant will revert to its vegetative state and grow vigorously, flowering again in the fall.

The yield, as always, is determined by the size of the plant. Plants which are started early get bigger than late-started plants. Growers who are starting plants only a month or two before the plants are to be put into flowering can maximize yield by growing a large number of small plants.

Last year one grower started plants February 1. The plants were placed in a greenhouse on March 1 when they were about one foot tall. To prevent them from flowering prematurely, he ran a combination of lights, including fluorescent, low-pressure sodium and incandescent, across the length of the greenhouse. The lights were on 24 hours a day, serving a twofold purpose: to prevent flowering and to promote growth.

On April 1 the plant height averaged a little over two feet. He shut the artificial lights off at night, but left them on during the day to supplement the daylight. On May 1 he started to cover the plants each evening, as described above. The last plant's buds were picked June 15, but most of the mixed Afghani sativa F2 and F3 hybrids were ripe by June 1.

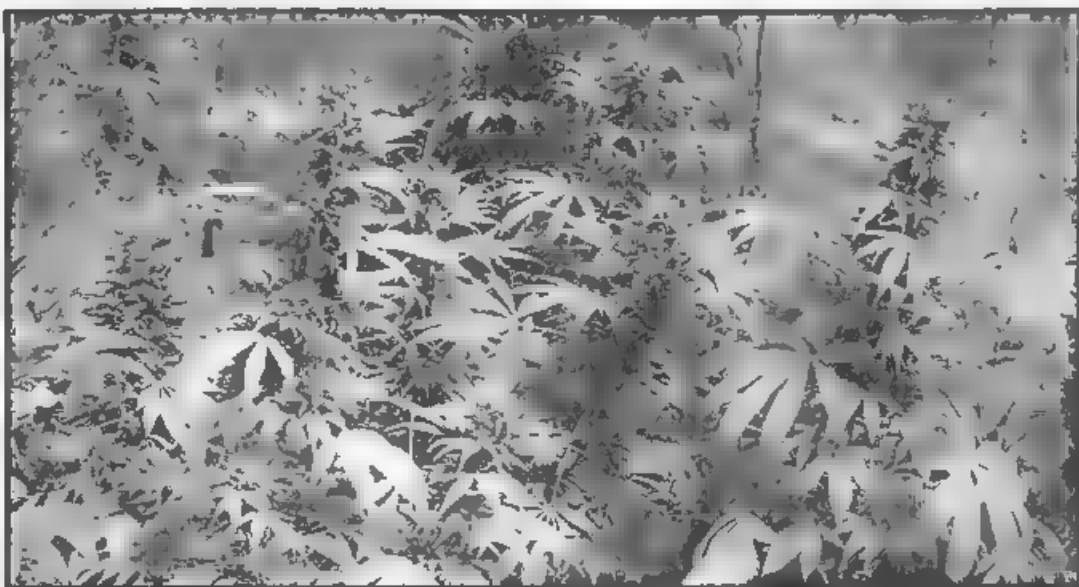
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● Around April 1, the number of hours of light was restricted. These curtains hide the plants.



● Curtains being removed.



● Mature plants around June 1st.

ADDICTION THEORIES

Knowledge of the effects of psychoactive drugs on people has grown tremendously in recent years. It's fair to say that we have learned more about these drugs as they relate to addiction in the last decade than was learned about them in the whole prior history of medicine. This is far from saying that we now know everything there is to know about drugs and addiction. The bulk of what we need to know still lies ahead.

What we do know, however, has given rise to a subspecialty in the field of medicine known as "addictionology." Addictionology is the study and treatment of addictive disease. Addictionologists treat their patients on the basis of the disease concept of drug addiction. By this concept, addictive disease is diagnosed as the abuse of psychoactive drugs, including alcohol, which interferes with health, economic or social functioning, characterized by compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of adverse consequences. Addictive disease is diagnosed as a pathological state with characteristic signs and symptoms and a predictable prognosis if untreated. Addictive disease is a progressive and potentially fatal illness unless properly treated.

Most definitions of addiction have concerned themselves with the action of the drugs themselves. Addiction was seen as the result of physical withdrawal symptoms that compelled "hooked" users to continue using. Heroin and the other central nervous system pain killers, alcohol and the other sedative hypnotic drugs that produce withdrawal seizures and other physical symptoms were considered to be addictive, while other powerful, mind-effective drugs such as stimulants and psychedelics were not.

These models of addiction created a false picture, one that led people to believe, for example, that cocaine is a "benign" drug when compared to heroin and barbiturates because all the latter produce a well-defined pattern of physical dependence. Cocaine, however, is a potent,

highly reinforcing central nervous system stimulant that can lead to compulsion and therefore is very addicting. The disease concept of addiction turns the focus from the drug to the person using the drug. The question is not whether the drug is addictive, but whether the user is suffering from addictive disease.

ADDICTIVE DISEASE

Approximately 10 to 20 percent of the people in the United States suffer from addictive disease. Without treatment, addictive disease can be progressive and potentially fatal. Alcoholism, for example, is the third leading killer behind heart disease and cancer. Among cocaine users, to cite another example, roughly 10 percent will become cocaine addicts, exhibiting the symptoms of compulsive use, loss of control and continued use in spite of adverse consequences.

Current research and clinical experience indicate that the development of addictive disease is a complex interaction of genetic and environmental factors. We do not know just what the genetic factors are or how they work but a great deal of research is producing promising results in the genetics of addiction. We do know from a variety of longitudinal and multigenerational studies that, if a child has one alcoholic parent, he or she has a four times greater probability of developing alcoholism or another addiction. If the parents are both alcoholics, the probability of developing alcoholism or some other form of addiction, including addiction to sedatives, stimulants, or opiates is 35 times higher. The

causation of addictive disease is an interplay between genetic and environmental factors. This doesn't mean that you are doomed to addiction if you had an addicted parent or parents, but it does mean that you need to be aware of the potentiality and take adequate precautions. Parents who have, or have had, addiction problems should also make their children aware that they may be at risk and help them understand this.

TREATMENT OF ADDICTION

Addiction cannot be cured, but it can be brought into remission. This remission is known as "recovery" and is brought about by learning to live a comfortable, rewarding and satisfying life that doesn't include the use of psychoactive drugs. A wide variety of methods are used to achieve recovery. These include long-term counseling and aftercare, self-help groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), Narcotics Anonymous (NA), both of which have chapters throughout the country and overseas, and an assortment of specific support groups catering to special groups, such as cocaine support groups for professionals or athletes, and long-term residential, individual and family treatment programs.

Recovery should not be confused with "cured." Cured would mean that addicts could return to controlled use of their drug and, to the best of our knowledge, this simply does not work. The individual with an addictive disease often relapses because he or she attempts to return to controlled use of the drug and loses control. A minority of

individuals have major psychopathology as well as addictive disease. This dual diagnosis is harder to treat, but with a majority of individuals the addictive disease is a primary psychological process, and not a symptom of underlying psychopathology. The individual with addictive disease may have many adverse neuropsychological consequences as a result of their addiction (e.g. the cocaine psychosis and the alcohol blackout), but when the individual is in recovery, these neuropsychological symptoms disappear. Because of this loss of control, the primary treatment for addictive disease is abstinence and recovery based on a chemical-free philosophy. The individual with addictive disease not only has to avoid any use of their own drug of choice, but must also abstain from all other psychoactive drugs as well, including alcohol and marijuana. Our clinical experience indicates that the dependence-prone person who has suffered from addictive disease will escalate the dose of whatever alternative they try to toxic levels, combine it with a variety of other psychoactive drugs, or precipitate a relapse back to the primary drug of abuse.

People suffering from addictive disease should not despair. Recovery is possible. However, many individuals with addictive disease are in a state of denial relative to the severity of their illness. Family, friends and employers should be aware of intervention techniques to break through this denial system and get the individual into appropriate treatment in order to interrupt the progress of this potentially fatal disease.

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ADDICTION IN THE '80s

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.



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Ridin' High With ZZ Top

BEARDS AND BEER GUTS

Last year, when their *Eliminator* album started climbing the charts, ZZ Top had already long been a monumental band. They could travel around the U.S. for as long as they liked, playing five or six nights a week, drawing ten or fifteen or twenty thousand fans in any city they hit.

To New Music hipsters, however, ZZ Top were old ten-gallon hats, an aging aggregate of absurd beards and beer guts.

But that was before the first video from *Eliminator*, "Gimme All Your Lovin'," proved to be one of the more entertaining and artfully done videos getting heavy rotation on MTV, where it became that channel's most requested video. That was before the group embarked on its most massive world tour yet, playing everywhere, and forever. That was before the twelve-inch remix of "Legs" brought ZZ Top to the floor of the dance clubs and to the Urban Contemporary airwaves, winning them an entirely new audience of people who would normally be allergic to the term "boogie band." And that was before *Eliminator* became a commercial phenomenon. By the end of 1984, the record had been listed on the U.S. charts for over a year and a half, selling over four million copies in the U.S. and another million-and-a-half in the rest of the world.

So ZZ Top have become even more monumental. Even more surprising, after all these years, ZZ Top has become

Three Texas low riders cruise to the top, fueled by street smarts, sharp humor and white guy's blues from the wrong side of the tracks.

by Richard Grabel

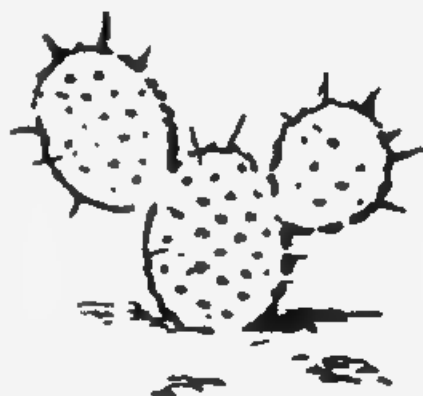


Photo by Paul Natkin

hip, with music fans of punkish sensibility picking up on the irony that stings so sharply around the edges of the band's lyrics and image, and with "Legs" proving the band's ability to adapt to today's dance pulse without sacrificing its individuality.

Building on the success of the video for "Gimme All Your Lovin'," the band has gone on to become true video stars. At September's MTV Video Awards (an event MTV hopes will become the rock video equivalent of the Grammys) ZZ Top was nominated for six awards, and the video for "Sharp Dressed Man" won for Best Direction. The video partnership of the band—with their distinctive image—and director Tim Newman (Randy's brother) has led to a three-part series (the latest being "Legs") of videos that are distinctive, funny, and play on an interesting conceit of the band as spectral outsiders observing and laughing at the glamorous commotion that Newman's mini-plots cook up.

All of what has happened to ZZ Top has been hard and fairly won, and well deserved. ZZ Top are a great band because they play authentic, close-to-the-roots, gutsy, white boy's blues and rock 'n' roll. They are funny, smart and know their cultural signs and how to put them into a rock 'n' roll context.

And ZZ Top have a sense of humor. They have songs about getting up in the morning with a hangover and going out first thing to buy some cheap sunglasses. They have songs about piling into an old Chevy to drive down to Mexico and

"pass me one of them brews from the back seat." They have songs about a white boy hitting the highway and boasting in some mixed-up slang he picked up from the local Chicanos: *"I'm bad/I'm nationwide."*

And there is something so funny about the way Billy Gibbons lets you know he knows how absurd it is to be doing the 297th version of "Dust My Broom" by the way he howls out the second verse: *"I'm gonna write a letter to China/See if my baby's over there/If she ain't in those Hawaiian Islands/Must be in Ethiopia somewhere."* Elmore James would have understood.

In fact, most of the humor, direction and general outrageousness of the ZZ Top oeuvre stems from the mind of Gibbons, the band's founder, guitarist and main vocalist. Before I met him I did some research on Gibbons and turned up some interesting things. I began to suspect that he might not be your average rock-star dummy I was right

REALLY FREAKED OUT

It is late on a Sunday night in Buffalo. Earlier, ZZ Top had rocked seventeen thousand of the town's teenagers. Now Billy Gibbons is searching the Buffalo Hilton for an open bar. Instead we find a Greek wedding in the main ballroom. The kid standing at the door won't invite us in, but he wants to talk.

"This is really freaked out! You're really from ZZ Top? I was just taping you

guys off the radio the other day. Wow!"

So we get Greg, member of the wedding, to meet us in the bar with some glasses of ouzo.

"So this is really freaked out," Greg reiterates. "I wanted to go to the show but I couldn't get a ticket, so my mom said I should go to this wedding, so now here you guys are, so anyway how was the show?"

"Great," Billy says, "except we missed you. But it was great."

"So, Greg, what we're proposing here is that you get those musicians in there at the wedding to hand over their instruments to us. My bass player is waiting outside, he's ready to wail on accordion, and...ha ha...had you going there, didn't we?"

What a card. On the other hand, Gibbons will turn to you and out of the blue say something like, "Do you ever think about where the planet is heading?" Or want to talk about nuclear disarmament. He has artist friends who get written up in *Time*. He is plugged into a lot of scenes, listens to New Order and pure noise and anything else you can imagine, and once took legendary rock critic/philosopher Lester Bangs on a hunting trip. Don't let the slow Texas drawl fool you. This is not a simple man.

SHARP DRESSED MEN

The combination of Rip Van Winkle beard and horn-rimmed specs, plus a slow careful way of speaking, makes

Billy Gibbons seem a bit like a thoughtful professor.

I remind him of something he once said to an interviewer about ZZ Top—that it's fun being cartoon characters onstage.

"I remember the quote, and it was probably more apropos then than to the imagery an audience will see in a ZZ Top show now. Our costuming is more back to basics. At the time we were wearing those huge flight suits with Mexican *sombreros*. Now it's changed."

"Just in the last year what has been a major boon for ZZ Top has been our appearance in videos. That has really grounded a lot of fans who couldn't put their finger on us."

"There is a cartoon aspect left. We were playing in Denver and...I have no explanation for these [Billy strokes his beard], it's just there. But anyway, we're onstage, and Dusty says to me, 'Check row five, two o'clock.' And I look over, and there were five guys that had these pin-on beards, and they had that pointing move that we do in the videos, and they were all in perfect step."

ZZ Top's videos are among the best to be seen in a field currently characterized by repetition and cliché. They are flash, funny, tell a story, and have the band's trademarks all over them—their humor and their manipulation of those Western cultural icons, cars and girls.

"It was a great feeling for this band to have a number one something, which



"There were five guys in the audience that had these pin-on beards, doing the move we do in the videos."

is what happened immediately with the video for 'Gimme All Your Lovin', the number one most requested video in MTV's history.

"Warner Brothers arranged for Tim Newman to work with us. They'd had a nice video from him for the Randy Newman song 'I Love L.A.' Fortunately, he knew enough about ZZ Top to know it's

cars, it's women, it's kind of a good-time outfit, and this was no problem for him. He'd shot commercials, he knew all the contacts.

"The first one established the three girls and the guy. The guy gets thrown out of his car, gets his clothes thrown out after him. The second one, 'Sharp Dressed Man,' continues from the first one. It begins with the car from the first one leaving the country for the city. Instead of the kid being downbeaten as a gas station attendant, he's now the car park attendant at a ritzy dance joint. The doorman's down on him, the maitre d's down on him, and ZZ Top ain't gonna stand for it. We gotta help this kid out.

"When we shot that first video, the guy that built the ZZ Top car couldn't have been more into it. He grumbled the first day about having to put the car on a trailer and drive it to the shoot location. He wanted some of the glory; he'd built this car, and now it was on the album cover and in the videos, and he wanted to be recognized. So we said, 'Listen, we're going to be doing some 110, 130 mile-an-hour stuff, can you handle it?' And that just rang his bell. He got into that car and drove the hell out of it.

"We drove up the next day just in time to see the three lovely young ladies climb into the ZZ Top car that, at the time, we hadn't even driven in yet, and we see this cloud of smoke as they drive away, and we go, 'Why them?'

"The videos have brought in a new

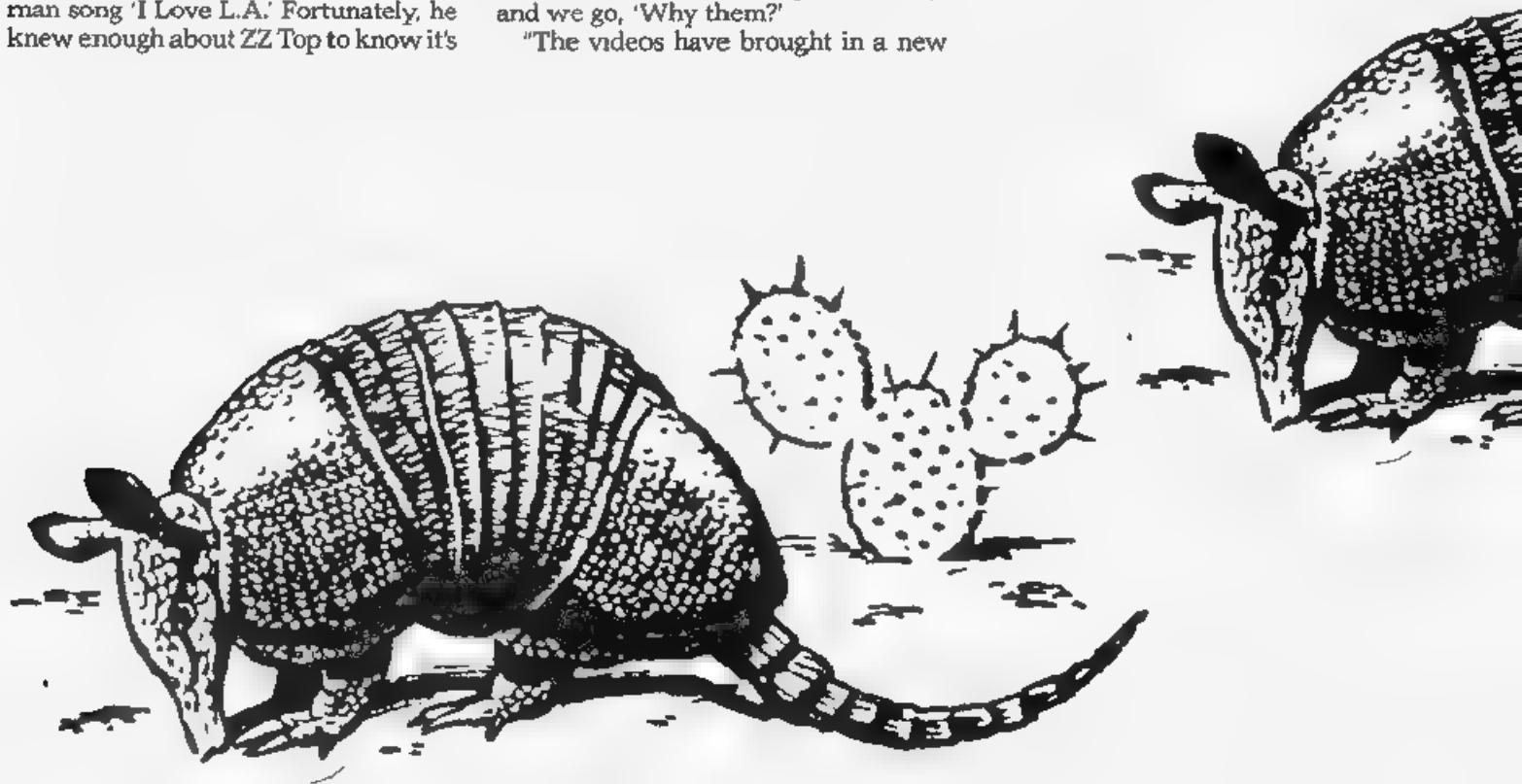
audience and strengthened the one that was there anyway. I think the times have allowed our kind of music to be embraced by a wider range of people. I knew it in Miami when purple heads showed up, mohawks, they're all there."

Then there is the "Special Dance Remix" twelve-inch single version of "Legs," which has brought ZZ Top to the dance club floor.

"Well, believe it or not, ZZ Top had cut what could have been our version of disco for the *Deguello* sessions. We did a song called 'When You're Out Late At Night.' And I was well aware of the bad connotations of the word disco and the growing resentment from the rockers, but we had constructed this piece the same way we did all of our tunes. But the engineers said, 'No, this is a big mistake, nobody's gonna get this.'"

A lot of people were surprised that ZZ Top used a synthesizer on "Legs."

"Well, I'm real into that. *Real* into it. It moves me. Most open-minded musicians have never abandoned the possibility of getting downright soulful with synthesizers. In the early days, granted, it was a little bit limited. But as the computer language starts expanding and offering these kinds of possibilities, it's getting fine.



"As far as our use of it on *Eliminator*, it's very slight, but it's there. Moog sent their latest and greatest, the Memory Moog, which is very sophisticated and allows the operator to get funky when he wants, and we used it on some bass lines and some underlying kind of pulse things. If anything can be said about *Eliminator* aside from that it's the '80s version of *Tres Hombres*, it's that the time is true. The time is right on the money.

"A song like 'Legs,' which has got this droning synth through the entire thing, you really have to play with it, because the internal electronic clock of the synthesizer will not lie. So we paid a lot of attention to detailing the time. But that's as far as we took it—a bass line here and there, and the time thing."

HELL RAISIN', HOUSTON-STYLE

Another thing you once said about ZZ Top is that "nobody knows more about the sin-infested corners of Houston" than you. How sin-infested are they?

"Real sin-infested. It's relating to being a native and having explored past the southwest side of town, which is the upper-crust side of Houston. There's a handful of real artsy, thinking-type of Houstonians, and those are the ones that disregard the heat and the social mores of not crossing the tracks. It just means knowing about which barbecue stand over on the black side of town

cooks on Sundays and has a good time when everyone else is going to church."

Do you still feel close to that?

"Yes, I do. Well, see there's a tremendous musical heritage in Houston dating from the '50s. It was made mostly of rhythm and blues music. Through the late '40s up till about '66, Houston was a major R&B market, it was a trend-setting black market. Ray Charles to this day will swear by Houston musicians. Fathead Newman was his main horn blower. Little Richard picked up his entire band out of Houston, all those records he made were cut with Houston guys. Duke-Peacock Records was based in Houston: Bobby 'Blue' Bland, Little Junior Parker, Big Mama Thornton. That's what I relate to as far as trying to remember that part of Houston. Houston has become a clean glass-and-chrome city. You can still find the funky scene, but it's smaller, just like everywhere."

How about the whole Texas mythology of beer drinkin', hell raisin' and pussy chasin'? Is that still an influence?

"Well, I'm the only one of my buddies that is as yet unmarried. So I'm still into it. They'd like to be, but their wives won't let them.

"I think ZZ Top has been fortunate not to be branded as a country-western act. Even though we came from Texas. I'm just as much a proponent of the Cadillac with cow horns and ten-gallon

hats and a cold six-pack as the next guy. And it breaks my heart to see the ashes of *Urban Cowboyism* being dumped in Texas.

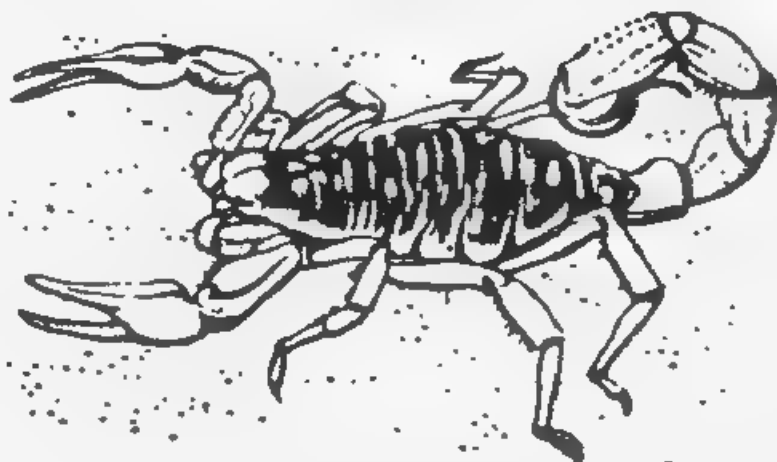
"What's really crazy is that this particular culture is made up of people who have not recognized that it has been digested and then thrown back at them. The real cowboys never knew what happened when all of a sudden John Travolta was doing the two-step at Gilley's on the movie screen. And now that everybody's been a cowboy for a few years, they're through with it, and now all of the satin cowboy shirts that can't be sold in New York anymore are going back to Texas.

"Low riders, that was another cultural scene. I bit off every bite I could take of that one. Low riding. We had one—The ZZ Top Low Rider. A '65 Chevy convertible. It had those lifts, and the low riders loved us. *Low Rider* magazine did a feature on ZZ Top! Bob Merlis [head of Warner Brothers publicity] called me and said, 'How did you swing this? A white man cannot buy his way into that magazine.' I think it was probably that I had one of the Imperials from East L.A. install the hydraulic system in the car. The Imperials are badass, man, they are the low riders to deal with. Imperial material!

"And they got the humor in ZZ Top. The entire Chicano thing was, like, *Low Rider*, the bible of the movement, and here we are, standing up in the back seat of this clean '65 Chevy, California-style, laying on the ground, laying frame, and this gorgeous vision of Latin beauty laying sprawled out across the hood, and we're playing—I've got an acoustic guitar, Dusty's got an accordion and Frank's shaking maracas. They loved it!"

ART REARS ITS HEAD

In 1976, after completing a mammoth tour, ZZ Top disappeared for three years.



They just felt like taking off. One of the things Gibbons did during this time was hang out in Paris with a group called *Artiste Contemporaine*, creating synthesized ambient music for art galleries.

"Yeah. Trying to rip off Brian Eno. I had joined the Board of Trustees at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, through some associates of Dusty's brother and this group of artful sinners from Houston. We all became quite close from hanging around. And there was an announcement of an unveiling in Paris of some antique musical instruments that had been found in some monastery in India. We were invited to watch, and two of us from Houston went, and I ended up staying.

"So what was happening in Paris was finding new ways of making art out of inexpensive mediums. Polaroid, Xerox. This was in '77, and Xerox art became a bona fide piece of the punk scene. What we were doing musically was uninspired stuff, it was like air, but it was fun."

A lot of people will be surprised to hear that the ZZ Top guitarist does ambient art music and goes on treks to Nepal and serves on the Board of Trustees of a prestigious art museum.

"Yeah. Well, ZZ Top—I'm not trying to front it as an art band. But, the other day, one of the finest compliments was paid. We were in New York, the cab driver had his radio on, and the definitive art band, Talking Heads—I suppose the ones who have been labeled as such—the DJ said, 'Here's the Talking Heads doing their impersonation of ZZ Top.' And it was 'Pull over! Stop the car!' We ran around the car dancing. We've been recognized! It was quite a moment."

WEIRDED OUT

Gibbons was the guitarist in a mid-'60s garage/psychedelic/punk band in Houston called the Moving Sidewalks. In '68, they opened a show for Jimi Hendrix in Fort Worth, and Hendrix invited them to come along for the rest of the tour. Hendrix ended up giving Gibbons his pink Fender guitar and calling him "America's most promising young guitarist" on the *Tonight Show*. When the Moving Sidewalks broke up, Gibbons met up with Dusty Hill and Frank Beard to form ZZ Top.

"Dusty and Frank had come down from Dallas to play at the Cellar Club, which was one of Houston's few after-hours clubs. Their band was called the American Blues. They all had blue hair."

Houston in the '60s had a lively scene, with bands such as the 13th Floor Ele-

vators and Red Crayola helping to define the psychedelic sound even before the California groups who popularized it.

"The Jefferson Airplane and the Dead were still folk bands when the Elevators came out, these wild characters—from Texas of all places—that were into this East Indian cultism and thought processes.

"The clubs were always being busted, constantly harassed by the Houston police, who did not understand what was going on.

"It was a heavy acid scene. And acid was a true enigma to law enforcement around the world because you had no stumbling-drunk syndrome, you had no incoherence, they couldn't figure out what was going on. No one was really out of control as far as they could tell, but they knew things were weird. And they were getting weirded out. They'd come into the clubs and they'd leave shaking their heads and going, 'What is going on in there?'"

WHITE GUY'S BLUES

ZZ Top live is simply great rock 'n' roll. There is no Heavy Metal sluggishness, no waste or showing off. In fact, Gibbons tosses off economical but searingly powerful guitar solos as if he were strumming the blues on some Texas back porch. The band brings the warmth and looseness of the roadside juke joint to the cold and stale environment of the arena. No crotch-rock bullshit, no condescension. They play blues—a modern, rocked-out but definitely rootsy and authentic blues. And their audience loves it.

And, then, they'll be in the middle of one of those low-down blues when you'll realize that Gibbons is singing about being hung up on some girl's stockings. Or he'll be singing about being a sharp-dressed man and you'll have a look at his and Dusty's blue jeans and funny hats. And you laugh. It's perverse, funny, very human and real.

I ask Gibbons if the humor and elements of satire in ZZ Top don't go over the heads of most of their audience.

"I know what you mean, but I try not to make it that way. Because you can get it or not get it, but nobody's left holding the bag, so to speak.

"That brings up a point about musical value. What I could never understand is how the American bands had such a weird interpretation of the blues compared to the English bands. We gravitated towards the English sounds, the way the English guys were playing the blues, because they didn't bend the notes

too high, they had nice vibrato, excellent tones. We wanted to play a technically acceptable kind of music rather than what a lot of American bands were doing to the blues, like Quicksilver and that kind of sound. So today you've got ZZ Top who, as musicians, try to stay one-pointed in making a viable form of white guy's blues and rock 'n' roll."

BILLY DOES BIRDING

"I was driving with this chick and I was trying to impress her and I had this Telex record in the tape deck, and they sang in French. So I did this fake translation, and she was writing it down. It was like, 'I wish I could spend more time with you/But I can't figure out this synthesizer/It's occupying all my time/But it's better for you/Because I'm trying to compose songs about you/Your beautiful skin, your hair, your eyes.' And she was going for it!"

BEARDS AND REAL GUTS

Billy, how long is your beard?

"I really don't know. Maybe twelve inches. I trimmed it back from sixteen. Dusty's is about fourteen inches, his is longer than mine."

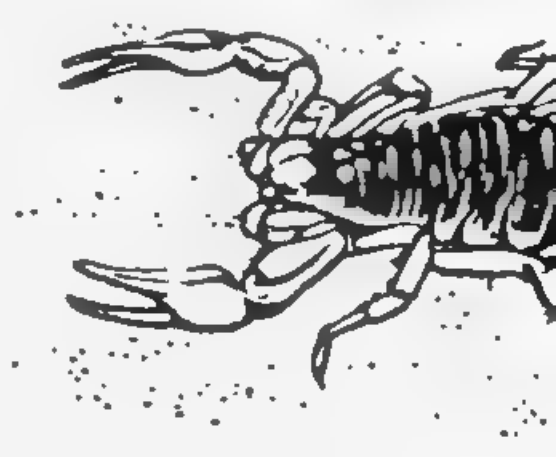
And how long can you keep ZZ Top ridin' high?

"Well, there's two ways to approach it. Picasso, or B.B. King. I don't suppose you can be it forever. But you can be a good one. You don't have to get crapped."

"If there's a statement about ZZ Top it's that the musicians are still having fun in the band, playing. To me it's just a great spark to play music."

I wake up in Buffalo and turn on the local rock station. Before playing "Sharp Dressed Man," the DJ says, "Last night, this band took seventeen thousand people to Texas."

I was there. It was someplace even better than Texas. □





Story and Photos by
Tseng Kwong Chi

Carnival in Brazil is the biggest and best party on earth. This February, Rio de Janeiro, being the most accessible and sophisticated of the cities, will attract the majority of the foreign tourists. The Carnival in Rio has gotten so big and famous that the city recently built a special stadium for the constant parade of outlandish floats and costumes. The sheer size of the crowds in the streets, and the huge influx of foreigners driving prices sky-high, make it physically and economically impossible to attend all the festivities and parties. The debauchery, the crimes and the violence in recent years have blemished the spirit of Carnival in Rio. As a result, both Brazilians and foreigners are seeking alternative places to celebrate Carnival.

Bahia is the state in the northeast region of Brazil to which Brazilians "in the know" have been flocking for Carnival in the last few years. Rich in Afro-Brazilian culture, Salvador, the capital of Bahia, has a Carnival which is more exotic and mysterious. *Candomblé*, a cult of voodoo and black magic, is commonly practiced. However, with the recent completion of a major freeway and jet port providing easy access to Salvador from Rio and the rest of the world, the Carnival in Salvador has also become commercial, expensive, overcrowded and increasingly violent. So I decided to go to Ilhéus, a small coastal town south of Salvador, where one can fete without fear.

Normally Ilhéus is a sleepy port town whose two main exports are cocoa beans and cashew nuts. During Carnival, the entire town shuts down as everyone takes to the street to celebrate. The main parade route is the *avenida* that runs along the beach where a makeshift review stand has been set up for the celebrity judges. Along the route are decorations made of cardboard with liberal applications of tinsel and glitter. Refreshment and amusement stands are set up under big tents on the beach where different *escolas de Samba* are trying to outperform each other. *Baianas* set up stalls everywhere to sell snacks of fresh sugarcane and *acarajé*. *Baianos* with machetes are busy chopping up mounds of coconuts to quench the thirst of the crowds. *Cachaça*, a rum made from sugarcane, flows like rivers. Cocaine is pure, cheap and available. Everyone is in costumes: some in drag, some covered with glitter and feathers, some almost naked wearing only G-strings. Lose yourself. Dance to ecstasy. The sensuality and the heat are intoxicating.

The festivities begin on Friday night. Big trucks are stacked high with speak-

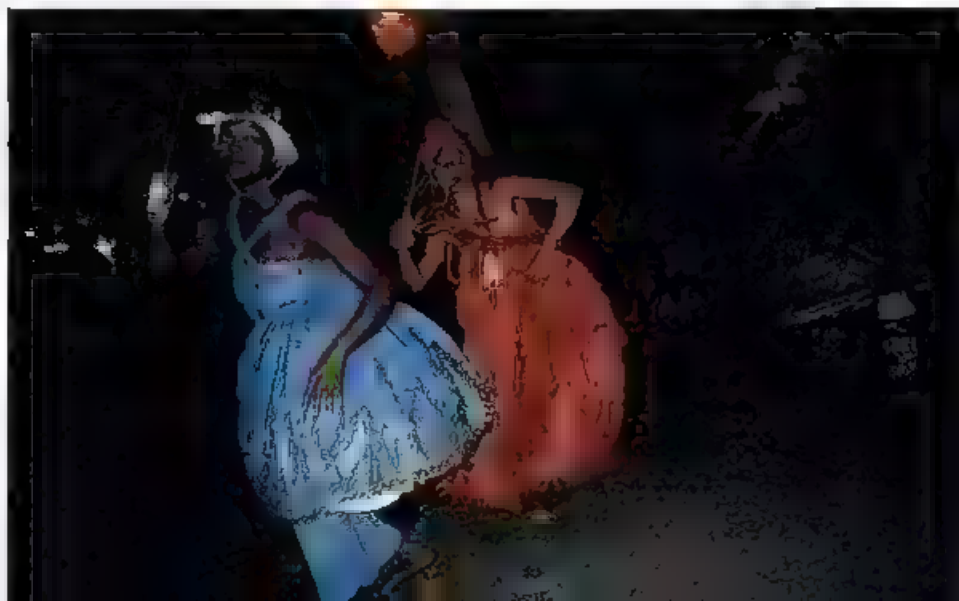


CARNIVAL

Party Time in the Brazilian Backwoods

ers and amplifiers which blast music played at breakneck speed by the Trio Electricos on the makeshift stage on top. The trucks cruise through the streets drawing crowds of people like moths to fire. Two of these trucks start from opposite ends of town and slowly move towards each other with their respective dancing mobs which keep growing bigger. When they finally converge in front of the review stand, they join forces and drive the crowd into total frenzy. The tempo never lets up until dawn. A swim in the ocean, a nap on the beach, and the beat of the *escolas de Samba* beckons again. It is Kiddie's Carnival all day.

Saturday night's festivities begin again with the Trio Electricos. Then comes the parade of floats and costumes past the review stand for the preliminary contest for the king and queen of Carnival. This continues well past midnight. The rest of the night is spent going from party to party to masked balls which are the tradition of Carnival. This cycle of booze, drugs, dancing and debauchery continues until Tuesday night when the whole affair climaxes with the crowning of the king and queen of Carnival. Then, the succession of parties to fete the royal couple lasts till everyone drops from exhaustion on Ash Wednesday. □



Novel with Cocaine

by M. Ageyev

Excerpted from the book *Novel with Cocaine*, translated from the Russian by Michael Henry Heim; by permission of the publisher.

Published in France © 1983. English translation copyright © 1984 by S.F. Dutton, Inc.
Novel with Cocaine is a story of adolescent addiction. The extremes of ecstasy and despair that Vadim, the Russian hero, passes through when under the influence of cocaine are in fact heightened projections of the conflicts he sees around him as he enters the adult world. Only after relating formative experiences at school and with women does he turn to the rites of initiation (the loss of "nasal virginity," as one of the characters puts it) and the everyday humiliation of the habit. If the hyper-conscious, hyper-sensitive Vadim is categorical in his condemnation of the adult world—the novel takes place in Moscow immediately before and after the 1917 Revolution—he is positively scathing in his judgments of himself.

A work as searingly personal and confessional as Novel with Cocaine might be expected to contain a core of autobiographical material. Whether it does or not we cannot say for sure: we know next to nothing about M. Ageyev; in fact, since "M Ageyev" is a pseudonym, we do not even know his name.

Before a quarter hour had elapsed, all of us—Nelly, Zander, Mik and I—had settled down to wait for Hirche in his well-heated room. (Hirche himself was off somewhere fetching the cocaine: I'd been informed on the way that Hirche was a pusher, not a snorter.) The room was decorated with extremely old furniture. Immediately behind the door—and so close to it that the door would open only half-way—stood a rickety upright with keys the color of unbrushed teeth. A pair of drooping candlesticks screwed directly into the piano's bosom sported a pair of red, golden-flecked, white-wicked, spiral candles which, since the openings in the candlesticks were too large, pointed off in different directions. Next along the wall came a fireplace with a white marble mantelpiece, a belljar on the mantelpiece, and two bronze Frenchmen under the belljar. The gentlemen, arrayed in doublets, hose and buckled pumps, were leaning forward, executing a *pas de menuet* while preparing to toss a clock elegantly into the air; the clock had a white dial but no glass, a black hole for winding but no key, and only one hand, which was badly bent out of shape. In the middle of the room were some low armchairs upholstered in a velvet

which when rubbed with the nap appeared yellow and when rubbed against it appeared black—so distinctly black, in fact, that one could write on it; and in the middle of the armchairs under a droplight was an oval table, finished in black lacquer, its ornately curved legs united by a strip of wood with a family album lying on it, or at least so I realized the moment I pulled it out.

The album was sealed by a clasp, but when I pushed the button on the clasp it opened with a jolt. The binding was made of purple velvet fastened in each lower corner by rounded copper nails that made the album seem to be resting on tiny rollers, while the upper part of the binding was decorated with a representation, in peeling paint, of a driver cracking his whip over a troika as it flew through the clouds. I had just opened the album and was starting to look through the gilt-edged pages, which were so thick that they clacked like wood as I turned them, when Mik called out to me from the far end of the room, "Take a gander at this, why don't you!"

He was standing looking the other way and summoning me with a hand stretched out behind him. "Feast your eyes on the little bastard! What a fright!" He pointed to a naked



Illustrations by Dan Zedek

bronze cherub balancing an enormous candlestick in his chubby little hand. "It pains me to think of how benighted the people who made him must have been," he said, pressing a clenched fist to his forehead, "to say nothing of the people who bought him. Have a look at him, my boy, have a good look"—and here he grabbed me by the shoulder—"at his face. Just think!"—and here he pressed his fist to his forehead again—"this little sapling is holding in his outstretched hand an object five times heavier than his own weight. Why, it's monstrous! That would be like you or me holding up a thousand pounds! And what does his little face tell us? Do you see the slightest trace of effort or strain? All you'd have to do is saw the candlestick off his hand and, believe me, you wouldn't be able to tell by looking at his face whether he was about to go to sleep or to... Horrors, horrors!"

"What's wrong now?" Zander cried out gleefully from the other end of the room. He had just started making his way round the armchairs in our direction when in came Hircghe. He was wearing a smock and clutching something carefully to his breast, and the moment he entered the room—no, the moment he kicked the door open with his knee—Mik, Zander and Nelly all ran up to him. Since he showed no sign of stopping, they trooped behind him to the black lacquered table, where they could see better under the droplight. I joined them.

Already waiting on the table was a small tin box much like the ones toffee comes in at Abrikosov's only smaller, its shiny, almost polished-looking surface spotted with scraps of glued-on paper. Next to the box lay something that resembled a pair of dividers and next to that—another small box, made of wood.

"Well, let's get going, let's get going. What are we waiting for?" said Mik. "Look at our beauty here. She can hardly stand it." He nodded at the suddenly haggard Nelly, who—now leaning her elbows on the table, now sitting up straight—never took her eyes off Hircghe, as if trying to judge where best to sink her teeth into him.

As for Hircghe, he merely wiped his forehead wearily and, scarcely moving his tongue or lips, said with repugnance, "The price of a gram today is seven rubles fifty. How much do you want?" These last words were addressed to me, and seeing Zander give me an indignant wink that seemed to say "I went to all that trouble to teach you your role, and now you've forgotten it," I replied that I had just under fifteen rubles.

"And I get a gram," Nelly interjected unexpectedly and bit down on her lower lip with such intensity that it turned white.

Hircghe lowered his eyes and bent his head forward ever so slightly in agreement. Then he put his lit cigarette down on the edge of the table and, paying no heed whatever to Mik—who had let out a deep breath and was showing his impatience by pacing the room, head in hands—opened the tin box. "So you want two grams, right?" he said to me while starting to extract a blue object from it.

"What do you mean?!" Zander cried out, stopping him. "We're in this together!" Then his head shook, and he repeated, "We're in this together!"

At this point Mik ran up to the table, his index finger raised as if he had just had a brilliant idea, and with a voice full of glee proposed that the three grams be divided into four parts, in other words, that each of us receive three fourths of a gram.

"No, I get a whole gram," said Nelly petulantly, her eyes on the ground. "I slave a whole day, I get a whole gram." She bit hard into her lip again.

"All right, all right," said Mik in a tone combining recon-

ciliation with irritation, "we'll do it differently." And he suggested dividing up my two grams by giving Zander and himself each three quarters of a gram and me, a neophyte, half a gram. "You don't mind, do you?" he asked, looking me tenderly in the eye. All that remained was to prove to Zander that two three quarters plus one half did indeed add up to two.

Seeing that unanimity had at last been reached, Hircghe perked up and took the money from Nelly and me, counted it carefully, and slipped it into his pocket. Then, moving his cigarette so as not to burn the table, he picked up the box with the blue object in it. As he lifted it out of the box, I realized that it was a tiny cone of dark blue paper and that the instrument next to the now empty box, the instrument I had taken for a pair of dividers, was in fact a set of apothecary scales. From his waistcoat pocket Hircghe took a tiny ivory scoop and some small squares of paper folded as pharmacists fold paper for powders. He opened one of the squares—it was empty—and placed it in one of the scalepans, and putting a minuscule weight (the other box contained the weights) on the other one, he raised the beam of the scales high enough for the wires to grow taut but not so high that the pans left the table. Still holding the scales in one hand, he used the other hand, the one that held the ivory scoop, to open the blue cone and plunge the scoop into it. I heard a rustling of paper and noticed another cone tucked into the blue one, a whitish cone made of something like waxed paper (which was what had made the rustling noise). When the scoop emerged slowly from the cone, it had a small mound of white powder on it. It was very white and had a crystalline gleam to it, much like naphthalene. Hircghe very carefully flicked the powder on the square of paper with one hand and raised the beam with the other. The pan with the weight proved heavier. Then, without releasing the scales, he inserted the ivory scoop back into the cone, but apparently had trouble manipulating it.

"Come and hold the cone," he said to Mik, who happened to be standing closest. It was only after hearing him speak that I realized how terribly quiet the room had become.

"Why, there's almost nothing left!" cried Mik, while Hircghe, ignoring him completely, loaded the scoop with cocaine and flicked it from scoop to scale as if flicking the ashes off a cigarette.

As soon as the beam balanced, Hircghe returned the rest of





the cocaine from the scoop with a single meticulous flick, put down the scales, and picked up the square of paper with the powder in it. Then he packed it down a bit, thereby increasing its sheen, and, after folding it together, held it out to Nelly.

While Hircghe was at work preparing the next packet—he usually sold them pre-packed, but Mik, fearing, as I later learned, that Hircghe would adulterate it with quinine, had made it a condition of purchase that he be present at the time the cocaine was measured out—in any case, while Hircghe was at work preparing the next packet, I kept my eye on Nelly. She immediately opened her own packet, took a short, narrow glass tube out of her handbag, and used the tip to push aside a tiny mound of cocaine, which crumbled on the spot. Next she placed one end of the tube just above the mound, bent her head forward, inserted the other end of the tube into her right nostril, and inhaled. Even though the glass never made contact with the cocaine, the mound disappeared. Having repeated the process with the left nostril, she folded the square of paper, put it away carefully in her handbag, and went off to the back of the room to make herself comfortable in one of the armchairs.

In the meantime, Hircghe had weighed out the next packet, and Zander had begun hovering over him. "Oh, don't bother to fold it," he said while Hircghe, cocking his head to one side as if admiring his handiwork, put the finishing touches on it. "You needn't make a neat little pile or tamp it down," he added, his quivering hand grabbing the open square of paper from Hircghe's calm one. Zander quickly poured a small mound of cocaine—but quite a bit larger than Nelly's—on the back of his hand. Next, stretching his hairy neck in such a way that it remained above the table, Zander brought his nose down to the cocaine and, without touching it, twisted his mouth to close one nostril, and inhaled noisily. The mound disappeared from his hand. He did the same thing with the other nostril, the only difference being that the amount of cocaine he set aside for it was so insignificant I could scarcely see it. "I can only take it with my left nostril," he explained with a look of perplexity, in the manner of a man who, while telling you how special he is, tries to temper his claims. Then, wrinkling his forehead in disgust and sticking out his tongue as far as it would go, he licked the spot on his hand where the cocaine had been, and even bent over and licked a spot

on the table when he spied a speck of powder that had fallen from his nose. The dull, wet circle made by his tongue on the lacquered finish quickly disappeared.

By then my dose had been weighed out and lay in a neat packet before me, but I kept my eyes on Mik, who, having closed the door after the departing Hircghe, was pouring his powder with great care into a tiny glass phial he had taken from his pocket. After sniffing (he, too, had his own way of going about it: inserting the flat end of a toothpick into the phial and prying loose the cocaine that had stuck needle-like to the wall, he withdrew the toothpick with a miniature pyramid balanced on it, and raised it to his nose without spilling a grain), he noticed my untouched supply.

"And what are you waiting for?" he asked me with a combination of reproach and puzzlement, as if I were reading a newspaper in the foyer of a theater after the play had begun.

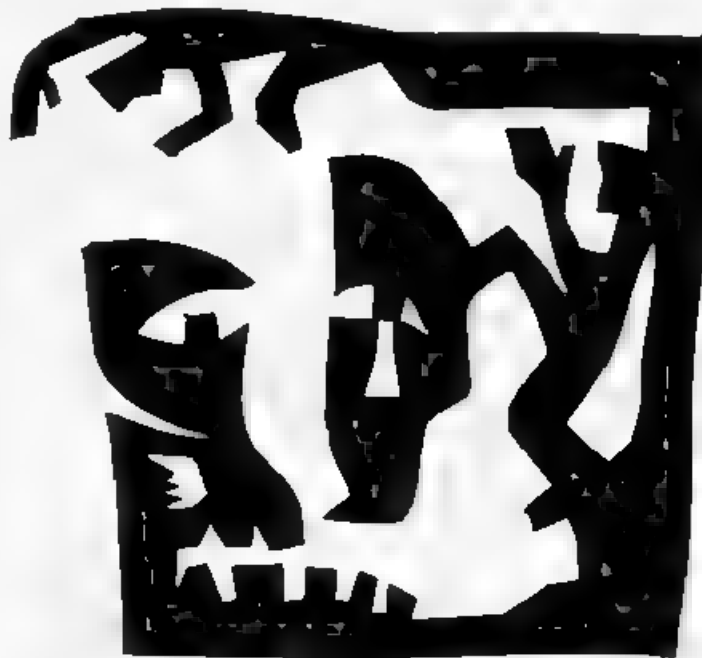
I told him I didn't know how and hadn't the proper equipment.

"Come over here. I'll take care of everything," he said, as if I had no ticket and he were willing to give me one. "Nelly! Zander!" he called out to his companions, who, having found some chalk and a pack of cards, were setting up a card table in a corner of the room. "Stop what you're doing. Come and watch. I mean, how often do you see a man lose his nasal virginity?"

He opened the packet (the cocaine had been flattened somewhat inside—thicker in the center, it thinned along the sides to a wavy line—and when Mik opened the packet, it split down the middle with a start), gathered up a bit of the powder on the end of his toothpick, and putting his arm around my shoulders, drew me slightly closer to him. Now I could see his face up close. His eyes were moist but flaming, sparkling; his lips, though closed, were in constant motion, as if sucking on a fruit drop. "All you have to do is breathe in when I bring this little snort up to your nostril," he said, carefully lifting the toothpick.

But when, feeling it approach, I went to take a breath, Mik suddenly let out a "Damn!" and dropped his arm: the toothpick was empty.

"Look what you've done!" Zander exclaimed (he and Nelly had come up to the table in the meantime). "You've blown it off."



I found it strange that even while holding my breath I could have blown the cocaine quite away. But then I noticed that just below my chin my jacket was covered with the white powder. I started brushing it off mechanically, with my sleeve, as one brushes off a bit of fluff.

"What are you doing now, you idiot?" Zander cried, dropping to his knees with a thud and immediately gathering the grains into his own packet.

Sensing that I had committed a terrible faux pas, I threw a beseeching glance at Nelly.

"Don't worry, don't worry," she responded soothingly. "You just haven't got the hang of it." She leaned over the table and took the toothpick from Mik's hands, then (circumventing Zander—who was still crawling about the floor—with a sibilant, peasant-like "Saints preserve us!") came up to me. "You see, darling, you see, my sweet," she said, waving the toothpick (she was having a little trouble enunciating, as if something were keeping her from opening her mouth), "cocaine, or 'coke,' as it's called for short, just plain coke, you see? Well, anyway, coke. . ."

"Or cocaine, as it's called for long," Mik broke in, but Nelly waved him off with the toothpick.

"So anyway, coke," she went on, "is incredibly, I mean, devilishly light. You know what I mean? The slightest puff and it vanishes into thin air. That's why you've got to breathe out, what I mean is, exhale beforehand."

"From the lungs, naturally," a morose Mik interjected.

"From the lungs," cooed Nelly. Then, turning to Mik: "Oh, clear off, will you? You're just in the way." And back to me: "So now you understand. As soon as the stuff gets up near your nose, no more breathing. One quick sniff. Now you understand, right?" As she spoke, she loaded a mound of cocaine on the toothpick.

Obedying her commands, I held my breath and then inhaled as soon as I felt the tickle of the toothpick near my nostril.

"Perfect," said Nelly. "Now once more." And once more she dug the toothpick into the powder.

I felt nothing in my nose from the first sniff, except perhaps—when I gave my nose a slight pull—a momentary smell of the apothecary, an unusual but not unpleasant smell that dissipated the instant I breathed it in. When I sensed the toothpick coming up to my other nostril, I again ingested it through my nose, but this time, more confident, I breathed in much more powerfully. Apparently, however, I went too far: as soon as the powder passed the nasal passages, I automatically swallowed it and immediately felt a sharp, vile, bitter taste rise up from my throat and mix with the saliva in my mouth.

Conscious of Nelly's probing eyes, I tried not to make a face. The eyes, usually dirty blue, were now quite black, with only the thinnest of blue lines encircling their wildly dilated, fiery pupils. Meanwhile, her lips, like Mik's, kept up a constant sucking motion; and I was just about to ask what they were sucking on when Nelly, who had given Mik his toothpick back and put my packet in order, moved off quickly in the direction of the door, turned and said, "I'll only be a minute," and went out.

The bitter taste in my mouth was almost gone, and all that remained was an ice-cold feeling in my throat and gums, the kind of feeling that comes when, during a frost, one closes one's mouth after breathing with it open and the warm saliva makes it even colder. My teeth were completely frozen, and if I put pressure on any one of them, I felt the others follow painlessly, as if they were all soldered together.

"Breathe only through your nose now," Mik told me, and, indeed, I found it so easy to breathe that the openings in my nose seemed to have grown extraordinarily large and the air smelled unusually rich and fresh. "No, no, no," he said, reaching out, frightened, to stop me when he saw the handkerchief I had taken out of my pocket. "Put it away. It's against the rules," he said in no uncertain terms.

"But what if I have to blow my nose?" I insisted.

"What a thing to say!" he replied, sticking out his neck and pressing his fist to his forehead. "You'd have to be an imbecile to blow your nose after a snort! Who has ever heard of such a thing. Swallow. That's cocaine you've taken, not a cold remedy."

Meanwhile, Zander, who had been sitting on the edge of a chair, packet in hand, gave his head a sudden shake and went up to the door as though he had just come to a decision. "Do me a favor, Zander," said Mik just before he went out. "Knock on the door and tell Nelly to get a move on. And don't take your time either. I'm not dead yet, you know."

When Zander, with exaggerated, even fearful caution, had closed the door behind him, I asked Mik what was wrong and where they were all going.

"Oh, it's nothing, really," he answered. (He, too, was now talking strangely, through his teeth.) "The first snorts upset your stomach a little. But it doesn't last long and doesn't come back before the end of the session." He listened at the door for a moment and added, comfortingly, "You have a while yet."

"I don't think the cocaine is going to have any effect on me at all," I blurted out, but the pure ring of my voice gave me such pleasure that I was under the impression I had said something terribly clever.

Making a special trip across the room to give me a condescending pat on the shoulder, Mik said to me, "Do tell, do tell." And with a nasty smile on his face he went back to the door, opened it, and stepped out. □



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Book of the Month

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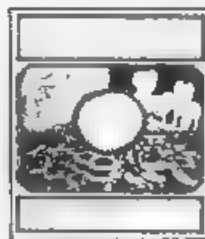
by Kaya

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The Mushroom Cultivator

by Paul Starnets

For amateurs and professionals alike, a practical guide to growing mushrooms at home. Excellent illustrations, and how to obtain the needed equipment and supplies. Step by step directions for every procedure for growing the mushrooms of your choice. 415 pgs. HTB/37 \$19.95



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by Bill Drake

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by Edward M. Brecher

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by Antonio

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MUTANTS FROM OUTER SPACE

Kenny Scharf's New Psychedelia

by Steven Hager

Remember how much fun art was in the '60s? There was more freedom, more humor and more drug-crazed energy in the art world during that decade than in any other recent time. That is, until a group of renegade art students in New York began reliving the era by dropping acid, go-go dancing and holding impromptu "happenings" at a Polish social club in the East Village.

The revival, which started in 1979, was led by a 21-year-old painter named Kenny Scharf, who was later known for spray-painting Hanna-Barbera-inspired cartoons (The Flintstones, the Jetsons) on the tenement walls of New York City's Lower East Side. At night, Scharf would return to his slum apartment and work on his private day-glo environment—where he occasionally consumed magic mushrooms while listening to Jimi Hendrix records. Scharf was born ten years too late to fully experience the '60s, but he was determined not to miss out on them altogether.

In the beginning, public reaction to Scharf's art work was mostly negative. He was accused of ripping off Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera. He was dismissed as a revivalist. He was ignored while several of his art student pals from the School of Visual Arts (SVA) became international art celebrities. Recently, however, it has become clear Scharf's influence on the current generation of painters has been enormous. He has an impressive list of collectors waiting to buy his work (which has soared in price in the last two years), prestigious museums are negotiating to buy his paintings, and critics like Kay Larson (*New York* magazine) are suddenly calling him "the best painter in the urban-punk wing of the new American Surrealism."

"It has changed the way other people look at me, but it hasn't changed the way I look at myself," says Scharf, a handsome, engaging presence

with close-cropped hair, blue eyes, a chipped front tooth, and a pair of jaunty, three-inch sideburns. He is dressed in jeans and a self-decorated T-shirt. "Success is a responsibility," he says reflectively. "The good part is it allows my work to get bigger. Instead of customizing broken machines from the street, now I can customize Cadillacs."

There's a certain poetic justice in Kenny Scharf being born in Hollywood, California. He was raised, however, in the somewhat less glamorous San Fernando Valley—home of the Valley girls. His father is a successful businessman from New York who ran his own knrtwear business before retiring to independent projects. "Kenny had a traditional Jewish upbringing," says his father, Roy. "He was into drawing and art since he could hold a pencil." "He had an imagination that wouldn't quit," adds Rose, his mother. "He was a lot of fun as a child. He never shut his mouth and he always had something going on. He got good marks except once when he was in the third grade and his art teacher gave him an 'F.' The teacher wanted him to draw a house the way she wanted and Kenny refused. He was livid. Kenny would only draw his own way."

Kenny had two older brothers who were closer in age, so much of the time he was left to himself. "I had two personalities," he says. "At school the whole social thing was being good at sports. I was a chubby preteen so I always got picked last. Every summer I went to camp, where everyone loved me. I lost weight. I was the best at sports. Then I'd come back to school and nothing would have changed. Once you get pegged, you can't get over it."

● *Black Light Installation by Kenny Scharf at Fun Gallery, 1982 (Wandy Wild body-painted by Bruno Schmidt and Adolfo Sanchez).*

Photo by Tseng Kwong Chi





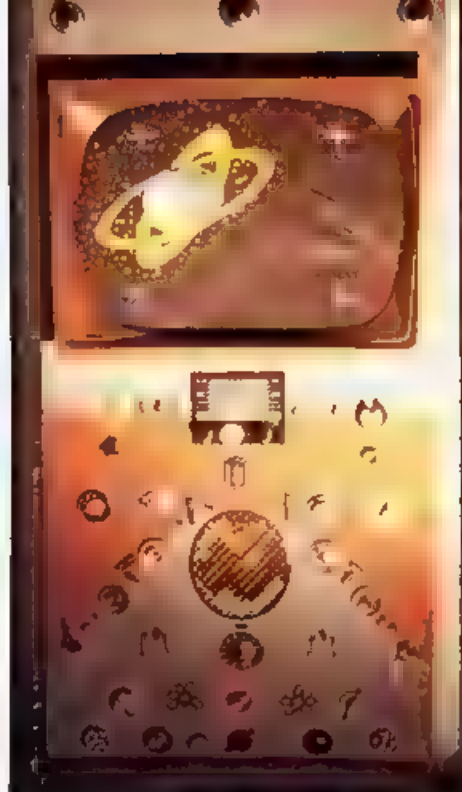
"When I was 15, my parents moved to Beverly Hills. They wanted me to go to the local high school, which is the richest school in California. The school has its own oil well, TV station and observatory. I hated it. It was full of the worst brats. I grew up in the Valley, so I wasn't one of them. When I was 16 I got into the groovy cocaine and quaalude set. It was fun, but I always felt I was playing with it, almost using them. They were all spoiled. They'd smash up their Porsche and daddy would buy them a new Ferrari."

Scharf spent most of his time painting and his early work included several Rousseau-style jungle scenes. René Magritte, the Belgian surrealist (whose work has appeared on such album covers as Jeff Beck's *Beckola* and Jackson Brown's *Late For the Sky*), was also an early influence. At the time, Scharf had a reputation as a party boy, and his house on Camden Drive was the location of several wild bashes while his parents were conveniently out-of-town.

After graduation Scharf entered the University of California at Santa Barbara, where he took an art history class with Eileen Guggenheim. "She told me about the Soho art scene and that kind of made me decide to move to New York. I knew Santa Barbara wasn't happening." In 1978, after two years at Santa Barbara, he came to New York and moved into an apartment on 55th Street and 7th Avenue. Although he applied to several art schools, he was accepted only at SVA, which at the time had a reputation for taking just about anyone.

"I was doing mostly paintings of outer space," says Scharf.

"I'd also pick up broken appliances and machines in the street, glue them together and paint them." Scharf applied to the illustration department and it wasn't long before he had an exhibit at Fiorucci's, a fashionable new wave clothing boutique. "Then I decided to leave illustration and go into fine art," he says. "My teachers told me I was crazy. 'You're a star in illustration,' they said 'and they'll hate you in fine art.'" The prediction proved true. Scharf was never able to convince the fine art department he was a serious student. He built a miniature space city out of found objects and used it as a set for a video project. "You're not doing art," they told him. "You're just playing." At the time, a new art scene was developing in



Soho, and many young painters were scrambling to occupy positions in hot new galleries like Mary Boone's. Many of these painters had backgrounds in conceptual art and were fairly solemn and serious about their work. Needless to say, Scharf's work was anathema to many of them.

In 1979, the church fathers of one Holy Cross Polish National Church decided to turn their basement into a community center for local youth. When former theater student Ann Magnuson took over the job of running the center in May, it was dubbed "Club 57" (after the address at 57 St. Marks Place in New York's East Village) and immediately turned into a cross between a '30s Berlin cabaret and a '60s sock hop. "I first met Kenny at his Fiorucci show," says Magnuson. "He was just the sort of person we were interested in having at Club 57. He was energetic, imaginative and could dance a mean Watusi." Scharf was invited to exhibit at Club 57 and soon began spending most of his spare time hanging out at the club with fellow SVA student Keith Haring. "We were really outrageous at the time," says Scharf. "We'd wear funny clothes and were groupies for the B-52's [who had just arrived from Athens, Georgia with an independent cult single called "Rock Lobster"]. We went to all their shows and gave the band presents. Keith gave them plastic fruit once and they loved it."

In 1980, after graduating from SVA, Scharf went into a deep depres-

sion. "On most days I didn't get out of bed until 3 o'clock," he says. "I thought about leaving New York." It was during this period he began work on his first "closet," a blacklight environment that was to profoundly affect the direction of his paintings. "Every day I'd collect junk in the street, paint it fluorescent and put it in the closet," he says. "I never painted on mushrooms and I don't do them anymore, but I really got a lot of inspiration from them. On the ceiling I painted a fluorescent blue and orange spiral. I used to take mushrooms, lie on my back and stare at the spiral until it slowly dropped from the ceiling. I'd leave my body, go inside the spiral and float around in endless space. After that, I always stared at the spiral when I took mushrooms."

"The best thing about Kenny, he's always had the ability of taking his life to the limit without censoring or editing it," says Stefan Haves, his oldest and closest friend. "It's the same way with his art."

In June 1980, the Club 57 artists were invited to exhibit at the Times Square Show, which was being organized in an abandoned massage parlor near 42nd Street. The result was a chaotic mixture of erotica, graffiti, punk art and political manifestos. A number of black and Hispanic graffiti writers, who were illegally spray-painting murals on the sides of subway cars, were also in attendance. Scharf and Haring became friends with the graffiti writers and were soon influenced by their work. On blank subway ads, Haring began drawing simple, primitive sketches dominated by faceless human forms. The chalk drawings also included crawling babies, barking dogs, space ships, telephones, TV sets and atomic explosions. Almost overnight, Haring became famous.

"Keith and I were living in a loft together," says Scharf, "and all these collectors were coming by to look at his work. My paintings were up but it was like a blank wall to them. I was nonexistent. It was kinda hard on me." In an aggressive attempt to establish his career, Scharf wrote an article for the *Soho Weekly News*, offering to customize home appliances in his distinctive psychedelic style. "I thought it would be the answer to boring useless art," he says. "Here was art that was fun, improved your life and was in constant use. I thought it would be a real big business—that everyone

would have to have one. Most people took the article as a joke, but I was really serious. I included my phone number, but I only got one call and nothing came of it."

It was around this time that a friend visited Scharf with a Jetson coloring book. "At school I'd made videotapes using the Jetsons," says Scharf. "I was really into their style. I flipped through the book and said, wait a minute . . . I'll just copy this."

Scharf's first Jetson-influenced show was held at a pioneering gallery which had just opened in the East Village. Run by Bill Stelling and underground film star Patti Astor, the gallery had had one previous show and did not yet have a name. Scharf suggested they call it the "Fun Gallery." Although the name stuck, Scharf's paintings were not very popular, except with his friends. "People asked me why I copied Hanna-Barbera," says Scharf. "But I never just copied them—I always changed the characters around and put them in my own situations. And anyway, I thought that question had already been answered 20 years ago with Pop art."

Later that year, Scharf was given a temporary studio at P.S. 1, a former school in Long Island City that had become an important center for experimental art. By this time, he was incorporating the Flintstones into his paintings and was spray-painting the Hanna-Barbera figures on buildings in the Lower East Side. He converted his studio into an enormous blacklight version of his closet. Although the studio was a success, Scharf's paintings still failed to attract the interest of any collectors.

However, when Scharf had his next show at the Fun Gallery in 1982, it was apparent his work had matured considerably. The paintings were bigger, bolder and more confident. Included in the show was a remarkable 5' x 6' painting titled "Whoa Nelly," which had the familiar cartoon figures, but also contained some new characters from Scharf's imagination. A swirling mass of color dominated the painting, which somehow conveyed the wild emotional intensity of a trip on mushrooms. Tony Shafrazi, an art dealer who was representing Haring, brought a collector to Scharf's apartment who immediately offered \$800 for a painting.

In the following two years, Scharf's paintings grew increasingly complex and his fondness for contrasting op-



● Left, TV set, 1984. Above, *Red Jello Fellow*, 1982. Next page, *When Worlds Collide*, 10'2" x 17'5". Collection: Whitney Museum of American Art. Photo by Ivan Dalla Tana.

posites became more noticeable. He often crammed canvasses with as many conflicting elements as possible. Last year, Scharf dropped the Jetsons and Flintstones entirely and began painting characters that employed elements of both cartoon strips, adding references to Felix the Cat. He called it his "El Fredix" phase. He also painted allusions to classical art and began adding three-dimensional effects in the form of hollow cubes, balls and bulbous, cartoony noses. "I like to mix it all together," he says. "European sources and the mass media. I feel the world is like that—a complete mixture of everything. If my figures didn't have eyeballs and mouths, they'd be abstract paintings. I guess I'm doing abstract paintings and making them a little less abstract by putting faces on them."

Scharf took a vacation in Brazil in 1983 and when he returned he had married a Brazilian woman and bought a house on the Atlantic Ocean. "It's just like Kenny to do that," says Min Thometz, a frequent dance partner of Scharf's during the Club 57 days. "He's a carefree person who always has his own world around him. You especially feel it now when you visit him in Brazil. When you get close, you leave the real world and enter Kenny's world, where he'll just grab you and say, 'Let's dance.' It's great until you realize

you have to eventually go back to the real world." Thometz was recently hired as Scharf's assistant, with the unenviable task of putting the artist's business life in order. "Kenny can get pretty messy and disorganized," she says. "You're just as likely to find his passport in the cornflakes box as anywhere else."

Last year, Scharf's wife Tereza gave birth to a baby girl, Zena, and subtle references to pregnancy and Scharf's feelings about fertility now appear in the artist's work. His life is more stable now. There are fewer parties and more business appointments. Scharf is also somewhat dismayed over the current state of affairs in the East Village, where he seems to have spawned several imitators.

"Like everyone else, I'm waiting to see what will happen next," he says, "but I'm not sure it will come out of the East Village. I think our scene peaked in 1980. I had a New Year's Eve party that year and I remember everyone was sprawled out in a pile in one corner. We were all drunk on champagne. At the time, everybody was dating everybody else, regardless of sex, color or whatever. It was one big communal family. Today the East Village has really changed. It seems most of the artists just want to get into galleries. That's just the sort of attitude we were rebelling against."





THE HI-Q TEST

The Stars Get Stoned in This Drug Trivia Quiz

A wise man once said, "I would not feel so all alone/Everybody must get stoned." Seemingly straight celebrities are no exception. These days you can't fire a peashooter through the Betty Ford Clinic without hitting a slew of certified media icons.

Here's your chance to test your knowledge of celebrity drug lore. Simply match the stars with their well-publicized drug stories. Score five points for each correct answer, then check your High-Q Rating in the box below the answers.

A. MARY TYLER MOORE	J. JOHN F. KENNEDY	R. U.S. REP. JOHN BURTON
B. JOHNNY CASH	K. JACK NICHOLSON	S. KATE JACKSON
C. VALERIE PERRINE	L. STACY KEACH	T. RICHARD DREYFUSS
D. HOWARD HUGHES	M. LIZ TAYLOR	U. STEVE HOWE
E. BETTY FORD	N. DOCK ELLIS	V. RAY CHARLES
F. CARY GRANT	O. LOUISE LASSER	W. MACKENZIE PHILLIPS
G. LIZA MINELLI	LOUISE LASSER	X. ROBERT MITCHUM
H. TONY ORLANDO	P. RICHARD PRYOR	Y. JERRY LEWIS
I. LINDA BLAIR	Q. DYAN CANNON	Z. PETER LAWFORD

1. Addicted to codeine for 30 years, this world-renowned recluse injected as much as 30 grains of the drug each day.
2. A true coke burn-out, this superstar claimed, "I snorted Peru." Also 'based Bolivia.
3. Pitched a no-hitter against the San Diego Padres in 1970 while stoned on LSD.
4. In a 1976 interview, this actress admitted experimenting with "almost every drug known to man, including acid, mescaline, peyote cocaine, opium and heroin." Played the wife of one of the '60s' most celebrated OD victims.
5. Like parent, like child: this superstar daughter of a superstar mom followed in mama's footsteps by getting strung out on pills and booze.
6. Spent \$100,000 on cocaine while serving in high office.
7. A junkie for 19 years who later shared the stage with Ronald Reagan at the '84 Republican Convention.
8. Busted for coke possession in Florida. Guess the devil made her do it.
9. Abuse of alcohol and valium led this seemingly superstraight diabetic to the Betty Ford Clinic.
10. Was treated with LSD during psychotherapy and became one of the drug's first user/advocates.
11. This TV-tough guy was nabbed for smuggling 1.3 ounces of blow into England, then was hammered by the judge with a nine-month sentence and sent to the slam.
12. Probably the Betty Ford Clinic's most famous patient this megastar admitted, "For years, I couldn't fall asleep" without large doses of downers and booze.
13. National League Rookie of the Year in 1980. The following season he was snorting coke in the locker room and the bullpen before, during and after games.
14. Starred in the '60s acid flick *Psych-Out* and took LSD at D. H. Lawrence's gravesite

during the filming of *Easy Rider*.

15. Appearing on the *Dinah Shore Show*, this angelic TV star admitted that she had once been a heavy abuser of valium.
16. This high government official was given speed-laced "vitamin" injections by a New York Dr. Feelgood and allegedly smoked dope with his mistress.
17. Public pressures caused her addiction to pills and booze. She later founded a famous drug rehab clinic.
18. This Oscar-winner had a close encounter with cops when he smashed up his Mercedes and was found holding coke and Percodan.
19. Got heavily hooked on Percodan after surgery. Paid as much as \$500 for one pill until he made a warehouse connection and bought by the thousands.
20. Busted in a Beverly Hills boutique for possession of cocaine cocaine.
21. This former heavy coke abuser was once found lying in a gutter, stoned out of her mind. She later toured the talk show circuit with her singer/father, also a reformed coke addict.
22. Busted in the '60s for carrying pills across U.S. Mexican border. Two decades later, he checked in to the Betty Ford Clinic for pills 'n' booze dry-out.
23. Messed with "pills, the bottle and feel-good shots" until it dawned on him that substances were undermining his career.
24. Hooked on speed for years, she also claimed to have used hash, peyote, mescaline and acid. Her ex-husband was an early experimenter with LSD.
25. This former First Brother-in-Law got hooked on pills and booze when his career faltered and finally checked into Betty Ford for a dry-out.
26. Yet another Betty Ford alumnus, he was one of the first Hollywood stars busted for pot.

Answers on page 89

Illustration by Ned Sonntag

WATER THAT WICK!

Preventing dehydration makes thirsty plants thrive

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

Are there any advantages/disadvantages to letting the plants use up the total nutrient/water supply before

adding more water to my wick system?

I've read that one must keep the nutrient reservoir at a constant level.

However, my plants seem to grow better if I let the growing medium ($\frac{1}{2}$ perlite- $\frac{1}{2}$ vermiculite) completely use up

the nutrient and dry out every three to four weeks. My concern about this procedure is that if I allow the system to dry out, the roots will grow in their search for water. When I do add the nutrient, my growing medium becomes quite wet.

—A Friend in Texas

The wick system works by using a wick, usually with a piece of nylon cord to draw water from a reservoir to the planting pot using action, similar to a tissue or napkin drawing water. As the moisture in the planting container is used by the plant or evaporated, the wick draws more to the container. A constant level of moisture is maintained. However, there are plenty of air spaces, which are vital to the roots which breathe oxygen.

Many plants do best when the medium is given a chance to dry out, which simulates conditions in the plant's natural environment. However, cannabis seems to be able to thrive without this cycle. If the dry-out is carefully watched and does not reach the critical level where the leaves begin to wilt, there is probably no harm, except if the nutrient/water solution becomes too concentrated. If you do use this cycle, it is probably a good idea to rinse the unit of the nutrients. Plain, unadjusted water is okay. New water should be added without nutrients. Once the plants have recovered from their slight dehydration, nutrients can be added.

It is probably a better idea to maintain the suggested water level

so that the nutrient/water solution concentration remains constant. Then the solution can be drained and no rinse required.

Dear Ed,

One of my female Afghani plants that has been pollinated is producing little yellow flowers. I've never seen this before. What's going on?

—A Green Mountain Grower
Rutland, Vt

Those are male flowers. Many varieties of Afghani exhibit this phenomenon. As the plant ripens, these flowers appear. This is usually an indication that the plant is almost ready to be picked.

Dear Ed,

I'm limited on space and need to get rid of the males as soon as possible so the females will get enough light. Is there a way to tell males from female plants before they flower?

—Who's Who?

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Sometimes a single flower develops on the stem before the plant flowers at the node where the leaf emerges. Usually the flower's sex is easily determined, but sometimes the sex cannot be detected. This usually occurs at the sixth to eighth internode. These flowers appear only on some varieties. To get a good look, use a magnifying glass or photographer's loop.

Dear Ed,

I have two questions:

If I soak my smoke in wine or whiskey will it be more potent?

Is there such a thing as growing great buds that look, taste and smell good but have no buzz?

—Joe

McMinnville, Tenn.

THC, the active ingredient in pot, is oil/alcohol soluble. The THC dissolves in alcohol. Wine or whiskey contains alcohol and will dissolve the THC and promote a THC as well as an alcohol intoxication. Alcohol passes through the intestinal walls very easily and quickly.

It carries the THC with it.

Yes. Many nonintoxicating varieties of cannabis have plenty of resin and great-looking buds.

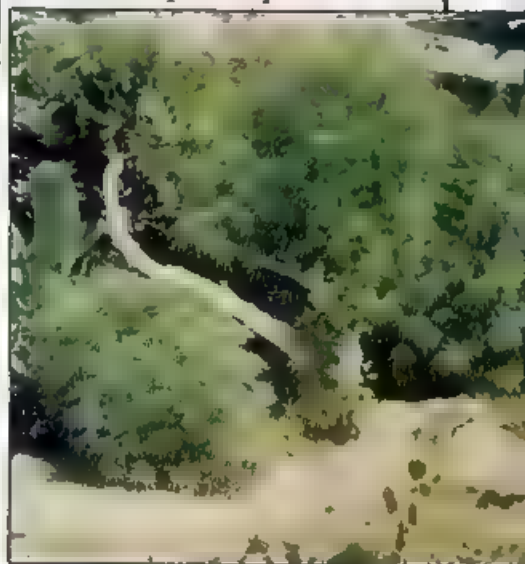
Dear Ed,

When I change the nutrients in my hydro unit, I always pH-balance the water I use to rinse the growing medium. Another successful grower told me that it's not necessary as you're only rinsing, not feeding, the plants. Am I wasting my time? My unit's pH is usually around 6.5 and our tap water is about 8.5.

—J.T.

Rock Springs, Wyo.

Most hydroponic books suggest changing the water and rinsing the unit every two weeks to a month, but it's really not necessary to be as thorough as the instruction manuals advise. When the water is drained from a unit, only an insignificant fraction of the nutrients are left in the medium or the unit. This has little effect on the nutrient or pH levels of the new nutrient/water solution. It is probably wise to rinse



• Garden of the Month:

There are 12 plants in this photo. The small bush consists of 4 plants which were pruned early to make a small bush. The middle is made up of 7 plants which were pruned into a tall bush. On the right is a single volunteer from a seed I must have dropped.

—The Eastside Pot Farmer
Los Angeles, Cal.



• **Bud of the Month:**

Three months from start to finish. And yes, it's as good as it looks.

—G.
Bremerton, Wash.

and sterilize between crops. However, I have houseplants that have been growing in hydro units for four years without a change of solution. I add dilute-nutrient solutions when I observe that the plants need it.

Dear Ed,

Comparing one 1,000-watt metal halide in an 8' x 8' enclosure against four 400-watt metal halides in the same space, would the plants respond better to the larger amount of the total light available from the four small lamps or the intensity from the single large lamp?

—K.D.
Hacienda Heights, Cal.

Plants respond to higher light intensities by increasing their rate of photosynthesis as long as there are no other limiting factors. When plants are given a less intense light, they tend to grow slower and have smaller buds. Notice the difference between plants in the center of a garden with a stationary light and those at the periphery.

Plants do not care whether the light is coming from a single source or from several points. Light coming from several sources tends to be dispersed more evenly and to leave fewer plant parts in shadows. The four lamps emit a greater amount of light and give the plants more energy. Light tracks, which keep the light in motion help alleviate

shadow problems encountered by stationary lights.

Use a light meter to measure the amount of light reaching the plants. The higher the intensity, the faster the growth.

Dear Ed,

I am having a problem when I try to raise plants. I have tried twice. Both times the plants never flowered and all I had were five-foot tall, thin, stalky plants.

The last time I prepared the plants in four-inch pots, fertilized and used a fluorescent grow light with a timer. Even after a 10-month period and a regulated photo-period, nothing! What went wrong?

—J.R.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Cannabis regulates its flowering by measuring the number of hours of uninterrupted darkness, rather than the number of hours of light. Obviously, the plants' dark cycle was interrupted by brief periods of light. Given twelve hours of uninterrupted darkness, the plants will flower.

Dear Ed,

In your interview with the HIGH TIMES correspondent you said that you haven't seen ruderalis.

Well, I'm here to tell you, Ed, ruderalis is here—she is 18 to 24 inches tall and smells like Afghani skunk.

Last year it was so hot and dry we almost lost our few ruderalis. The plants, being so small, need continuous watering, unlike the larger plants which can maintain on their own. I didn't quite understand the "no THC" statement. The ruderalis is kick-ass \$300 an oz. reefer.

Ruderalis is the perfect plant for indoor growing. It has a three month growing period and is only three feet tall, maximum.

—Names withheld
Durham, N.C.

Thanks for your info. It seems to me though, that you are describing a variety of indica, and not the ruderalis that Schultes described.

Dear Ed,

I have the following questions concerning indoor cultivation:

Is a 400-watt metal halide enough for the growth of five to ten plants?

What's the minimum number of hours of light that the light needs to

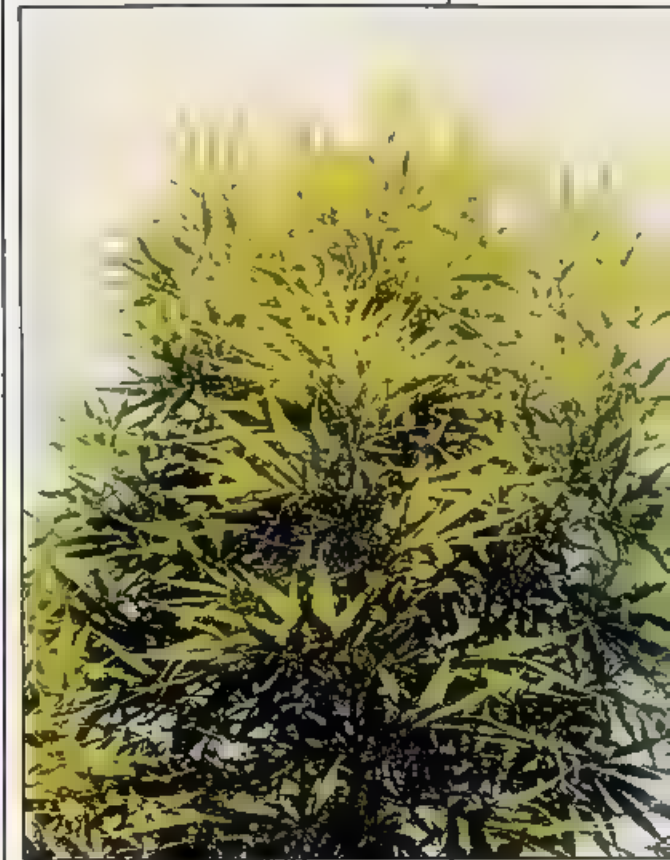
be on if the plants are already getting some diffused sunlight?

Can regular multi-vitamins and minerals help the growth?

Could I tie the branches to the main stem to prevent wide-spreading?

—S.D.
Greenville, N.C.

Rather than discussing the number of plants, which vary tremendously in size depending on variety and cultivation technique, let's talk about the space that a lamp illuminates. Figure that a minimum of about 20 watts per square foot are required in order to maintain fast, healthy growth. A 400-watt lamp can cover an area of about 20 square feet or



• **Plant of the Month:**

Jamaican sativa
—Anonymous
Tucker, Ga.

a four by five foot space.

In order for plants to maintain healthy vegetative growth they require a minimum of about 16 to 18 hours of light daily, depending on variety. If the sunlight is bright, the lights may be turned off while the sun shines.

Plants definitely use some of the B vitamins. However, these are more easily supplied using B-1 supplements available at nurseries. I

/ continued on page 74

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THE COMPLETE CANNABIS

by Dean Latimer

Q. Why doesn't our government legalize marijuana?

A. Because that would be the sane thing to do.

INTRODUCTION: MARIJUANA AND THE CHILDREN

Q. Why don't they just legalize marijuana for commercial purposes, and restrict sales to adults, and license the vendors and tax the daylighters out of the trade?

A. Because a legislator would have to come forth and propose any such taxation-and-regulation scheme. And he or she would be crucified. The President himself would say this legislator was trying to make it possible for children to smoke marijuana, and that legislator would never be elected to any public post after that. So that taxation-and-regulation idea is never going to happen.

Q. But don't children already smoke marijuana, no matter what the law forbids?

A. Stop right there. You're trying to say something rational. There is no point in trying to say anything rational about marijuana, once someone has said the magic word "children." Rational debate is simply not permitted after that word

has been said. These are the ground rules, and there's no use trying to get around them.

Q. But why does this children shibboleth work so well?

A. It's a lot like obscenity or homosexuality or racism. Along with drugs, these are all concepts that affect people on a really basic, pre-rational, infantile level of consciousness. People are fascinated with and repelled by these concepts; they feel challenged by them, and challenged on a real down-deep, primordial, below-the-belt stratum of consciousness. They don't even want to look into themselves and investigate why these primitive concepts upset them so much.

So drugs—the *idea* of drugs—basically challenges the child in every one of us. That's why the words "marijuana" and "children" go together so readily. Nobody's really concerned about children when they invoke this magic concept, "the children," to demonize marijuana. It's the child in themselves they're talking about. And since they don't know that, and since they steadfastly refuse to even think

about things like this, there is no point in trying to mount a rational debate about marijuana in our society.

Q. Then it's true. Marijuana does drive people crazy.

A. And it drives no one more crazy than the people who don't smoke it, but who *do* feel compelled to stamp out marijuana for everyone else. But of course these people are never represented as being crazy; they're all represented as thoughtful physicians and clergy and politicians and law-enforcement officers and moms and dads worried sincerely about the children.

The inevitable result—besides bad legislation—is a lot of grotesquely misinformed questions about marijuana and health that come in to this magazine, week after week, year in and year out. Here's a representative sampling of them.

GRASS AND BABIES

Q. I'm in my second month of pregnancy. Before I learned I was pregnant, I was smoking grass pretty steadily, but I stopped as soon as I learned I was pregnant. Then I sent to a drug-advice place for informa-

Q. Does grass make you lazy?

A. Go to a rock concert and see for yourself.

tion, and they say that monkeys smoking marijuana in a California experiment had four times as many defective births as nonsmoking monkeys. I was only smoking for less than a month before I learned I was pregnant. Was that enough to hurt the baby, and how much?

A. Now, one thing you should not be while pregnant is anxious. Anxiety is about as injurious to mothers and fetuses as any mere drug on the market. You have no reason to be anxious about this at all, and it is very wrong of that "drug-advice place" of yours to feed this hoary old reefer-madness myth about dead monkey-babies to pregnant women who have smoked marijuana.

First of all, marijuana has never been shown, in animals or in humans, to have any "teratogenic"—fetus-deforming—properties at all. Tobacco, however, has been shown to have a statistically-significant order of teratogenic potential; and since both tobacco and marijuana smoke give off the same "mutagenic" substances,¹ it's probably just as good to minimize or discontinue marijuana use through term and nursing.

Women in modern society are inadvertently exposed to all sorts of possible teratogens: car exhaust, certain food additives, environmental PCBs, microwave radiation, caffeine, other people's cigarette smoke, and so on. All these hazards are cumulative, so it's simple common sense to minimize unnecessary exposure to things like smoke of any sort. But it's very unlikely that grass by itself has any significant influence on fetuses, at any stage of development.

The "California experiment" you were told about took place in the mid-'70s at the Primate Center of the University of California at Davis.² The monkeys involved didn't "smoke marijuana." They were fed, every day of their lives from long before puberty to mid-adolescence, and every day through pregnancy, enormous doses of pure synthetic THC.

Among many other things pure THC does, which marijuana doesn't do, is slow the breathing rate to a huge degree, so that there's much less oxygen available to the developing fetus.³ The likeli-

est factor behind those UC Davis lab-test stillbirths was chronic oxygen insufficiency. They can't accurately be called "defective births," since autopsies of the fetuses showed no pattern of birth defects at all. And none of the THC babies who were born were physically deformed.

The experiment was never in any case, designed to prove or disprove whether marijuana has any effect on fetuses; the researchers were seeking, in part, to see if high doses of THC might cause gross psychological abnormalities in the offspring of monkey-mothers subjected to it. They found out it didn't; no psychopathological or retardation syndromes were seen in the monkey-babies that survived through term to weaning. (Even though the newborns imbibed THC every day in their mothers' milk.)

Just because pure THC doesn't appear to deform babies, or make them behave weird after birth, that doesn't mean something else in crude grass mightn't do so. It's undoubtedly best to avoid grass in pregnancy, just as you'd avoid drugs like Darvon, Seconal, opium, heroin, caffeine, speed and alcohol. The important thing is not to worry about it, because unnecessary anxiety is certainly just as bad, and probably lots worse, than anything grass smoke could ever do to you or your baby.

POT AND BRAIN DAMAGE

Q. In *Omni* magazine recently, distinguished neurosurgeon Robert Heath of Tulane University reported that he'd succeeded in inflicting permanent brain damage on rhesus monkeys by making them smoke marijuana. Is there any way to get brain damage from pot without having to visit Dr. Heath's lab at Tulane? And why did a respectable science magazine like *Omni* allow itself to be used for this sort of propaganda?

A. Unfortunately, nobody knows if the distinguished Heath really managed to hurt those poor monkeys in any way at all. His procedure gets a pretty thorough going-over in *Marijuana and Health* (National Academy of Sciences, 1982), but they confess right at the beginning

that they can't make head nor tail of his results because, instead of using standard lab monkeys in that experiment, he used feral monkeys, raised in the wild, where they could have contracted any sort of nerve damage from disease, malnutrition, parasites, falling out of the trees, getting hit on the head by other monkeys, and so on. The *Marijuana and Health* authors—who are painfully polite to every other crank right-wing antipot doc—make it abundantly clear what they think of the monkey work of the distinguished Heath. And since Heath is the only doc who claims ever to have seen brain damage with live pot monkeys, the only thing that keeps this lunatic propaganda alive is its appearance in places like *Omni*.

BREASTS ON MEN

Q. How did the notion that pot grows breasts on men ever get started, and why do so many people still believe it?

A. A British doctor in 1971 wrote a letter to *The New England Journal of Medicine* saying he'd observed female-like breasts on a pair of his male patients who smoked cannabis. He said they were very heavy smokers, and pointed to a then-newly-discovered resemblance of some of the cannabinoids, in gross molecular structure, to the female hormone estradiol. Overnight, well-meaning drug experts everywhere were guaranteeing the world that pot grows breasts on men. Even when it quickly turned out that these estradiol-like cannabinoids don't even survive combustion to enter the body—and even after a belated checkup showed that this British crank had been talking about two transvestites who were getting estradiol hormone supplements to prep them for sex-change operations—the breasts-on-men myth stayed current.

The clowns in the idiot media, you see, have no qualms about headlining unproven speculations which suggest pot may be horribly toxic, but when the speculations are proven to be bogus, none of those clowns ever puts that into the headlines. We all just do our little personal bit to promote God, Mother and Apple Pie, and this is what happens.

GRASS AND LUNGS

Q. *Is it true that five joints of grass per week is as cancerous as a pack a day of cigarettes? I've been doing at least three joints a day for over 13 years now, and never had so much as a bad cold. How is it I can still breathe at all?*

A. No, that's not true. It's a lie. Simple as that. Forget it.

In 1976, a pulmonary specialist at UCLA measured the inhale-exhale volume of some grass-study volunteers there, before they started smoking anything. Then, after they'd been smoking all they wanted for a few weeks—and some were doing about a dozen double-sized pre-rolled government weed cigarettes per day—he measured their inhale-exhale volume again, and found it was reduced by one-fifth. The volunteers had developed a bronchial constriction with regular use, obviously, and this has nothing at all to do with cancer.

Then the same doc ran the same study on some "street" grass smokers, who averaged five joints per week, and they also turned up a one-fifth chronic bronchial constriction with regular use. Finally, he ran the test on some tobacco smokers, who averaged 16 cigarettes a week apiece, and sure enough, they turned up a one-fifth bronchial constriction.⁴ It's very simple. Any time you regularly expose your lungs to smoke of any sort, your bronchial tubes uniformly constrict by one-fifth in diameter, to protect the more sensitive lung tissues below.

But then the DEA picked up on this study, two years later in 1978, and turned it into a magnificently complicated reefer-madness myth. Suddenly those UCLA tobacco-smokers—16 smokes per week, remember—had been doing a pack a day, according to the DEA. And the "hazard" involved wasn't bronchial constriction any more, but cancer.⁵

And though of course it would be just as accurate to say that a dozen double-sized pre-rolled government dope ciga-

rettes per day are no more harmful, in terms of this study, than five regular street joints per week—well, that would not have made very strong DEA dope-scare propaganda, would it?

You ought to know, though, that if you're doing three regular-size street joints a day, you're taking into your lungs the equivalent of approximately one unfiltered tobacco cigarette's worth of possible carcinogens every day.* And you're exhaling and inhaling one-fifth less air per breath than if you didn't smoke anything at all. If you've honestly "never had a bad cold," then you're uncannily lucky, because grass smoke—like tobacco smoke—contains "water-soluble cytotoxins" that can confuse your lungs' defense mechanisms and make you statistically more likely to pick up colds and flus. And when you smoke lit joints, the heat of the joint—like a cigarette—subdues the germ-catching action of the little fingerlike cilia cells which line your windpipe, and makes you yet more liable to catch colds and flus more often.⁷ (Water-bongs, of course, will trap most of the cytotoxins, and cool the smoke, so we recommend them heartily.)

None of these pulmonary hazards of grass-smoke ought to seriously set alarm-bells ringing in your head, and the least important of them is the carcinogens problem, which is absolutely negligible. The main hazard of regular grass use is that it makes you statistically more liable to catch colds and flus, which can cause real lung damage; and this is mainly important for very young, growing people, who will have to go on breathing through the same set of lungs for the rest of their lives.

AMOTIVATIONAL SYNDROME

Q. *Is "amotivational syndrome" a genuine disorder? It seems to me that the same antimarijuana crank doctors who invented "amotivational syndrome" are the ones who used to say that pot makes Negroes*

and Puerto Ricans and Mexicans become lazy and stupid and forgetful. Now they're saying it makes middle-class white teenagers lazy and stupid and forgetful, and they're giving it this pretentious pseudoscientific label, "amotivational syndrome." It just seems that these people are so desperate to invent excuses to keep pot illegal, they'll lie about anything under the sun. I like marijuana, and it doesn't hurt me, and I don't hurt anybody. I mean, what is their PROBLEM???

A. Aw, fuck 'em. You answered your own question really well, right there in the asking of it, and we can't be bothered to take it any further.

"FAT-SOLUBILITY"

Q. *How can you people advocate marijuana smoking, when it's been proven that the THC in every joint you smoke collects in the fatty tissues of the gonads and brain, and stays there for 30 days? How can you tell people to smoke marijuana when you know THC inhibits cell development in the gonads, and protein synthesis in brain cells for 30 days after every single joint? Marijuana, like DDT and PCP, is fat-soluble, unlike alcohol, which washes directly into the blood for elimination. How can you tell people marijuana is "less harmful" than alcohol, and a "healthier" drug to take? I dare you to print this.*

A. It's easy to advocate marijuana smoking. We live in a country with a written-down Constitution that says you can advocate any damn-fool thing you like, and get away with it scot-free.

When a person smokes marijuana, it's quite true, some of the "fat-soluble" THC and its metabolites bind to fatty-acid processes in the body—but in the liver, spleen and pancreas, not the brain and gonads. Just because THC is fat-soluble ("lipophilic" is a much more exact term), and just because the gonads and brain are chock-full of fat, this still does not magically somehow make the brain and gonads part of the digestive system, when it comes to this awful

Q. Is pot as bad for your lungs as cigarettes?

A. No, that's not true. That's a lie. Simple as that.

Q. Does pot grow breasts on men?

A. If it did, millions of men would be wearing bras.

/ continued from previous page

THC. The liver, spleen and pancreas are where THC and its metabolites wind up, not the brain and gonads.⁸

This fatty-acid binding is an entirely natural, standard-procedure way the body processes certain things it ingests: Vitamins A and E, for example, are bound to fatty processes in these organs for a good while after ingestion. When THC is bound to fatty acids there, it is entirely neutralized, and so are its metabolites. Acids always neutralize fat-soluble substances; it's the way God set things up, see?

Now, in a laboratory petri dish, if you drop pure THC on an isolated reproductive cell, it will inhibit protein synthesis in that cell, and the same goes for isolated brain cells in laboratory petri dishes. Bound and neutralized in the body's fatty acids, though, THC does no such thing; it's wholly neutralized, and it's nowhere near either the gonads or the brain, anyway.

In the fullness of time, on a regular natural schedule, the digestive fatty acids safely deposit the THC and its end-product metabolites in urine and feces, and it's eliminated. One particular metabolite of delta-9 THC, called 9-carboxy THC (short for "11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid") happens to persist in digestive fat for weeks, and sometimes months, after last-time use of grass; and although 9-carboxy THC is totally inert, absolutely devoid of any potential psychoactive or bioactive properties,⁹ its delayed elimination in urine accounts for how "marijuana" urine tests can pick up tell-tale traces of "THC" for weeks and months after last-time use. [The Perez-Reyes paper doesn't mention urine tests.]

So a regular pot smoker—as little as one joint a week, even—will always have a fairly regular concentration of THC metabolites, at the billionth-of-a-gram level, in his or her spleen and pancreas. A person who does a lot of Vitamins A and E will have A and E metabolites there, and a crop-duster will have DDT, and a regular dust-head will have

PCP. And none of them will be harmed by any of it in any way at all, as long as it's bound to fatty acids. There is absolutely nothing to worry about in respect to THC's "fat-solubility."

As for alcohol, it is a perfectly fine way to get high. Whatever gets you through the night, as John Lennon sang—you're entitled to it. Alcohol does have all these sorrowful effects on your stomach lining and brain cells and liver and kidneys which grass doesn't have, but only when taken in extremely abusive quantities, over a long period of time.

GRASS AND ASTHMA

Q. Is it just a myth that smoking marijuana will cure asthma? I've tried it occasionally for fun. If I did it regularly, would it help or hurt my asthma?

A. It wouldn't do your asthma any good to take up regular smoking. A person who regularly smokes anything, grass or tobacco, will wind up with a uniform 20-percent chronic bronchial constriction, which is something asthmatics certainly don't need.¹⁰

On the other hand, we do personally know people with chronic asthma who smoke regularly, and they say their asthmatic attacks aren't any more frequent or severe than before they started doing grass or tobacco. But then, that's just people we happen to know; nobody's done any scientific surveys of asthmatics who do grass regularly.

Now, in people who aren't accustomed to grass, a good stiff hit of moderately potent marijuana will expand bronchial tubes to a really notable degree, for some 20 minutes or so.¹¹ At the onset of an asthmatic attack, a stiff hit of "commercial"-quality Colombian, in a person unused to it, ought to work at least as well as any ephedrine-based decongestant at quelling the wheezes. Once a person's smoked grass regularly for just a few weeks, though, "tolerance" to this effect sets in, and commercial-quality grass won't work any more. A stiff drag of super-high-THC sunsemilla might do it, at the outset of an asthma attack, but there's no guarantee; most sinse is so

fresh and spicy with aromatic terpenes, it might make it worse.

Anyway, if asthmatic people want to do grass, they really ought to think about bubbling the smoke through water-filtering devices, to minimize the harshness and heat of the smoke. We're not saying this just because ads for bongs and hookahs pay our salaries. These things really do detoxify grass smoke to a wonderful degree, beyond merely enhancing the high.

CANNABIS IN CHEMOTHERAPY

Q. My sister's about to start a chemotherapy course for lymph cancer. Will marijuana help her through it? Or do you have to use just pure THC?

A. Marijuana's bound to help her, though no one can predict how much. Mainly, marijuana simply reduces the nausea and vomiting caused by the chemotherapeutic medication. Some people it helps a whole lot, some people it hardly helps at all. It depends on the individual, and on the particular chemotherapeutic medication.

Pure synthetic THC's bound to help her too, if her clinician gives it to her. If it doesn't help her, or if she really hates the THC "high," there's no reason she shouldn't try marijuana; the two drugs are as different as night and day, really. And there may be things in organic marijuana that are better than pure THC at reducing vomiting.

You can send away for a handbook on this subject: *Marijuana as Medicine*, (Madrona Publishers, Seattle, Washington, 1980), written by a research scientist named Dr. Roger Roffman. The book will tell you everything you want to know about this, except where to score the dope, and what the penalties will be if you get caught buying or holding it for your sister.

It would be advisable, before delivering it to your sister, to bake the grass at at least 100 degrees C. for a half-hour or so. Street grass can be occasionally contaminated with funguses like aspergillus.

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FUNNY PAPERS

HERCULES MEETS THE CHRISTIAN LEADERS

check any of the ancient cuneiforms and you will find that Hercules is a deeply religious man, a gods-fearing man



As is his wont, he visits a local temple to pay his respects



HALLELUJAH, brothers and sisters. Thou shalt abide the laws of the Lord. Adore ye not false gods! There is but one true God!

HERCULES TREMBLES AT THESE WORDS

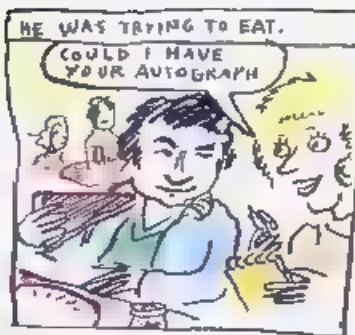
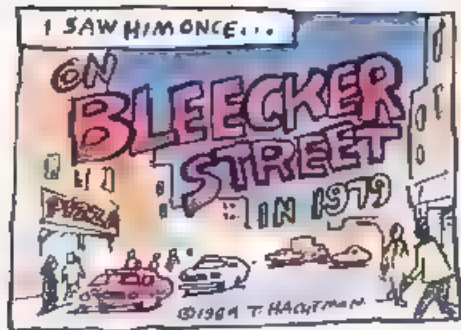


TAKE CARE WITH WHAT YOU SAY!! There are many gods! Do not risk invoking their wrath. I myself am the son of a god

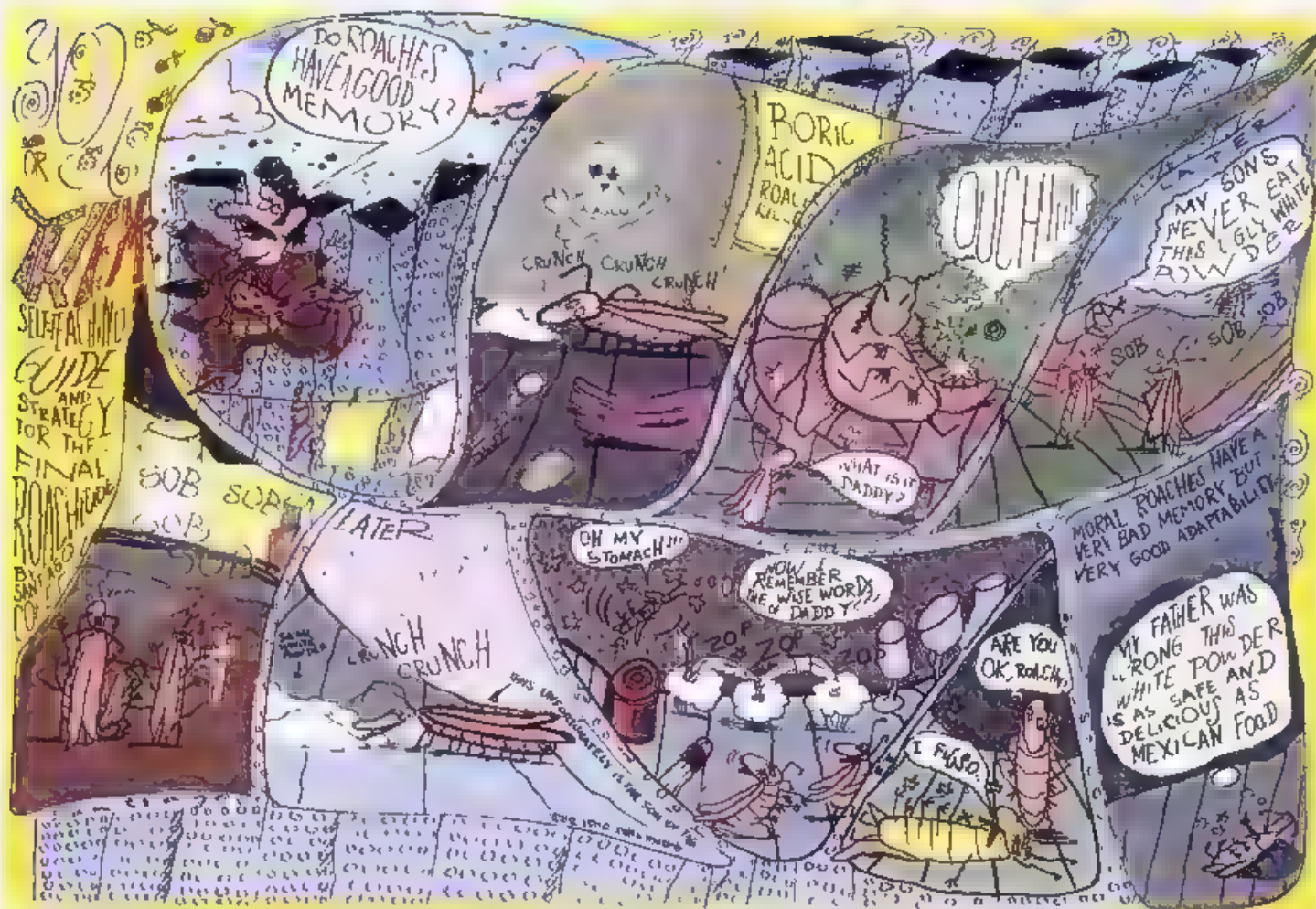
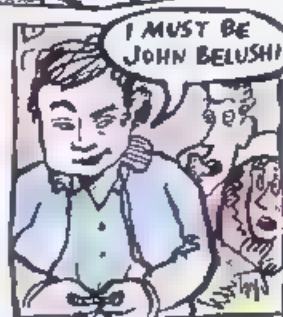
BLASPHEMER! thou hast not even the decency to enter the Lord's sacred house fully dressed!



SAY, that's a heavy altar... maybe he is Jesus!



IN FRUSTRATION HE PICKED UP HIS PIZZA AND FLIPPED IT LIKE A FRISBEE OVER THE HEADS OF SOME STARTLED PATRONS. IT FLEW IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF A TRASH RECEPTICAL.



Miss CAR

©1984
WAYNE WHITE

HOWZA BOUT
SETTIN' ME
UP WITH
A COOL
ONE SIS?

YAY

TONY LOOEYS THE NAME,
SIS! STUNT MAN IN OVER
100 CARTOON FEATURES!
TNT DOWN THE GULLET
A SPESHY-ALITY!

TWO

TOOK AN ANVIL ON
THE BRAINPAN ONCE
FROM THIRTY STORIES!
THEY'RE STILL
TALKIN' BOUT IT!

000

HELL THAT AIN'T
NOTHIN'! JUST YOU
WATCH THIS, SIS!
UH...UH.. UH...UH...

SPROING

BEST DAWN
PUMPKIN
IN THE
BIZNESS!

OKAY TONY! WHADDI
TELL YA BOUT DINN'
DAT? YOU'RE OUTA
HERE! SCRAM!

UH, COULD YA
HELP ME GET
THESE BACK
IN SIS?

GIMME A
HAND WID
DIS FREAK
JOEY!

WANT I SHOULD
SQUEEZE HIM
UP LIKE AN
ACCORDIAN
BOSS?

NO
HURT!

LATER

MAKE
BETTER
NOP

AGENT
WANT
MY
AGENT!

JET SET

DEAN, WHEN YOU BOBNA GET A JOB?
YOU BIN OUTTA THE NAVY
A WHOLE YEAR NOW

DAD PLEASE
CAN I LEARN
JUST ONE GAME?

WE CAN'T LIVE ON
WHAT I MAKE
BABYSITTING

I TOLD YOU ALREADY
WE BIN THROUGH THIS BEFORE
MUM HAD EYE COORDINATION
TESTED OUT FROO. DAD SAID
I NEEDED PHYSICAL THERAPY

I PLEASE
DADDY PLEASE?

BUT ALL YOU DO
IS PLAY VIDEO
GAMES ALL DAY

THAT'S MY THERAPY
IT'S GOOD EXERCISE
IT STRENGTHENS MUM
EYE MUSCLES

COME ON,
DAD JUST ONE?

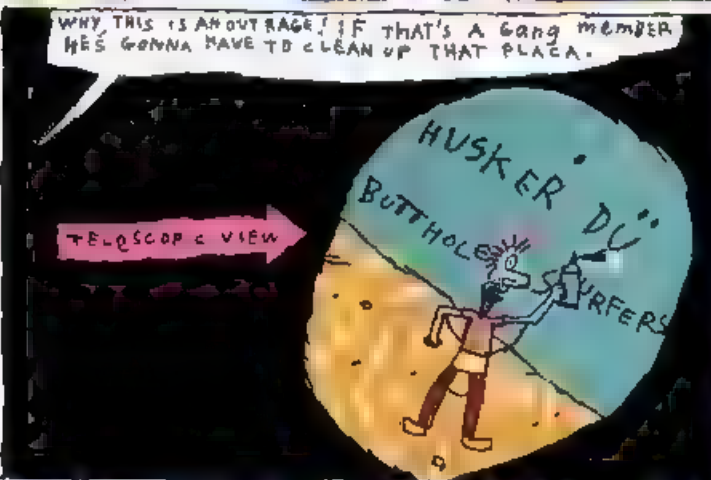
BLAT IT
DEAN JR

SO DOES FILLING OUT JOB APPLICATIONS

BIP BIP BOOP
BIP BOOP
BIP BOO...
BIP BOO...

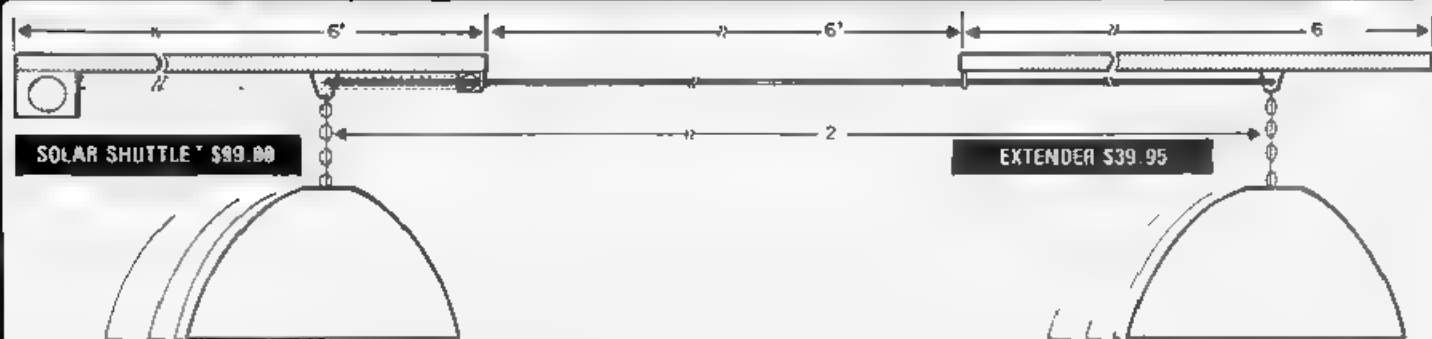
THAT THING DON'T WORK ON ME ANYWAY
DEAN JR IS ALREADY UP TO BLASTERS OF THE
UN NERSE AND YOU JUST MADE IT TO MS PAC MAN

YOU JUST SHUT UP
ABOUT THAT
YOU JUST SHUT UP!

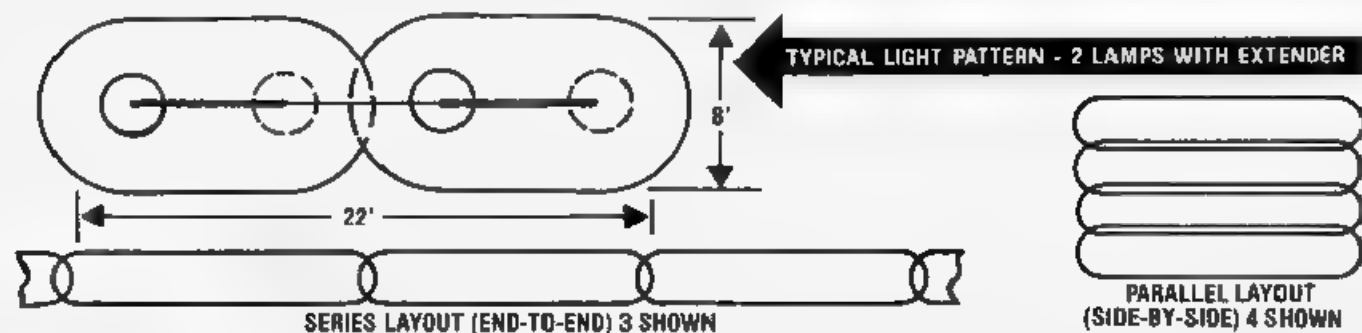


Aqua Culture, Inc. INTRODUCES "THE EXTENDER"

NOW, MOVE TWO LAMPS WITH ONLY ONE 1/250 HP MOTOR

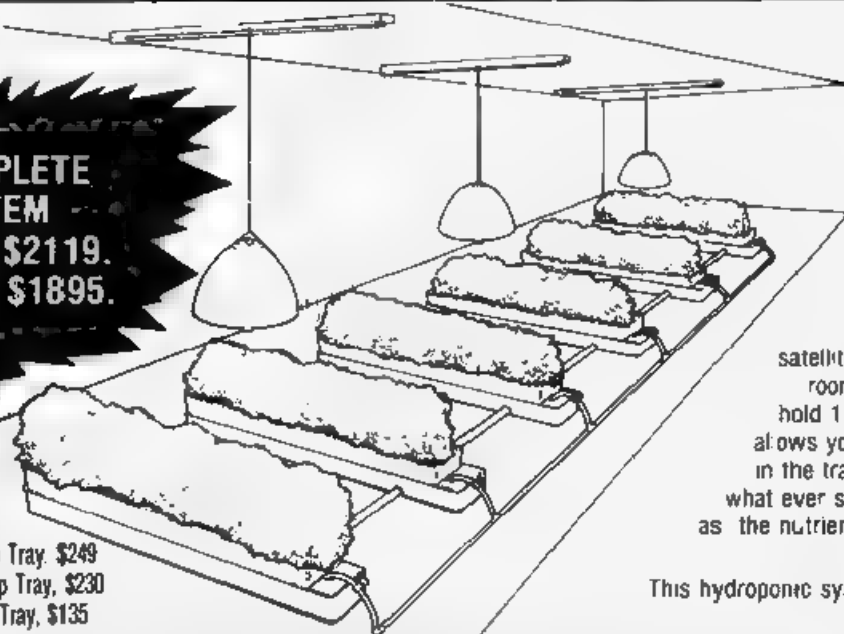


At Aqua Culture, we feel that a light system should give you the most for your money. You can get the most from your system with a Solar Shuttle™ motorized track, which moves your lamp quietly and efficiently back and forth above your plants on the 6-foot track in 40-minute cycles providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps. The \$99.00 Solar Shuttle™ (Patent No. 4,441,145) now has a \$39.95 extender which can be adapted to all Solar Shuttles now in use. With the Solar Shuttle™ and the Extender, two lights run in tandem on their respective 6-foot tracks spaced up to 6' apart. This will give coverage of 12' to 22' long by 8' wide. Now, move two lights for the price of running one 1/250 HP motor.



**COMPLETE
SYSTEM
WAS \$2119.
NOW \$1895.**

Lg. Pump Tray, \$249
Sm. Pump Tray, \$230
Satellite Tray, \$135



If you're going to spend money and energy on a hydroponic garden, why not do it right the first time? We've spent years designing the ultimate hydroponic system (patent pending) -- one with the features and qualities of a commercial unit at a size and price to suit you.

Our professional-quality growing system is bigger than others currently available, and it's expandable. One power tray can run up to five satellite trays for a total of six trays to fill a 10' x 30' room. Each tray is 6' long and 1' wide, which can hold 12 to 20 plants per tray. The hydroponic system allows you to germinate and propagate your plants right in the trays, it automatically waters and feeds plants on whatever schedule you determine, and it even refills itself as the nutrient solution evaporates or is absorbed by plants.

This hydroponic system has so many technical advances we can't begin to tell you all the advantages in this ad.

Clear 1000-W metal halide bulb (125,000 lumens) \$55.00
Phosphorus 1000-W metal halide bulb (125,000 lumens) \$65.00
HYDROPONIC PLANT FOOD - 100% water-soluble, complete with 12 trace elements. 1 pound treats 100 gallons of water.
use only one teaspoon per gallon. 25 lb. bags

20-6-16 Foliage Booster \$38.00
9-30-12 Flower/Fruit food \$40.00

Aqua Culture, Inc.

America's 1st Name in
Indoor Growing Systems
P.O. Box 26467, Tempe, Arizona 85282
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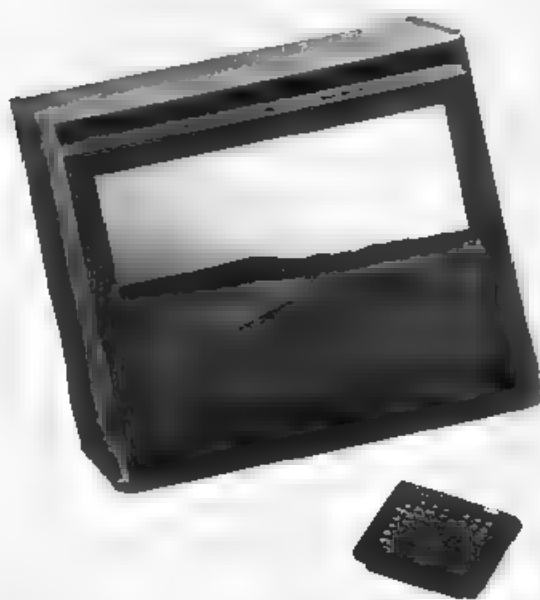
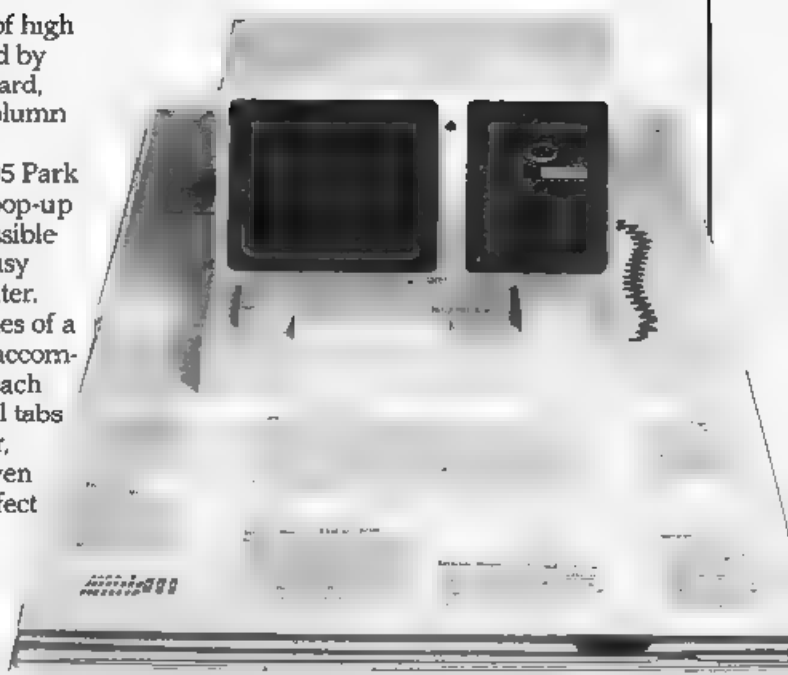
INSIDE DOPE ON COMPUTERS

This column will attempt to put the rarefied world of high technology into a perspective that can be understood by even the most untechnical human being. In that regard, no product could be more suitable to kick off this column

than **INSIDE THE PERSONAL COMPUTER** (Abbeville Press, 505 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022), a pop-up book that performs the near-impossible task of giving novices a quick 'n' easy intro into the workings of a computer. The book contains pop-up facsimiles of a computer and its inner workings, accompanied by simple explanations of each part's function. There are push-pull tabs that simulate operating a computer, giving you hands-on experience even

before you've touched the real thing. This is the perfect textbook for those of us who are still in computer kindergarten.

HIGH TECH

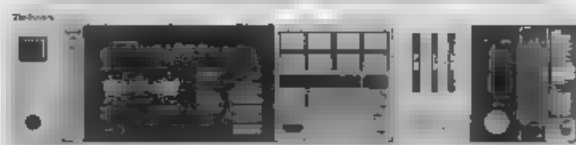


DYNAMITE DIMENSIA

The fusion of audio and video is one of the most exciting developments on the high tech scene. Gone are the days when the TV sat on one side of the room and the stereo on the other, one useful primarily for pictures, the other only for sound. Audio and video systems are becoming increasingly integrated, the main benefit being the heightened sound quality these systems bring to the video component. The **DIMENSIA** system from RCA is on the cutting edge of the audio-video union. Pictured here is the **DIMENSIA VIDEO MONITOR-RECEIVER**, which RCA calls the "heart, soul and brain" of the system. The 26" diagonal monitor comes equipped with a Command Center Remote Control unit that allows direct push-button control of all components of the Dimensia system from the comfort of your easy chair. Depending on how much you have to spend, the Dimensia system can be expanded to include a VCR, AM/FM tuner, stereo amp, linear-tracking turntable and compact disc player. The Dimensia is dynamite.

SOCKO SOUND FOR TURNED-ON TV

With rock video spreading across the vast wasteland of television like a wild, wonderful weed, the way your TV *sounds* is almost as important as the way it looks. Technics is now offering a way to bring your tunny-sounding TV set into the Age of Rock Video. The **TECHNICS SA-550 TV/FM/AM STEREO RECEIVER** is a state-of-the-art addition to any home entertainment center. Simply hook up your TV to the SA-550 (only one simple connection is necessary) for a spacious stereo effect (called Stereoplex) that will fill any room with socko sound. It comes equipped with



hookups for digital audio, VCR, video disc, cable TV and cable FM, which makes this unit a perfect building block for a dream media center. The SA-550 is rated at 70 watts per channel, and its computer drive microprocessor assures optimal output transistor operation. In other words, the sound from this sucker really packs a wallop!

—David Harrison



THE QUICK BUSTCARD

DON'T GET CAUGHT WITHOUT

Last year, a good friend of ours was arrested for traffic warrants. When allowed by the police to use the telephone, she was unable to reach any of her friends or relatives. She remained in jail for three days. **THIS NEVER HAS TO HAPPEN TO YOU**

The Quick BustLine is designed to help you exercise your rights if you are arrested. Here's how it works:

When you apply for the Quick BustLine, you provide us with up to seven telephone numbers. We register you and provide you with our exclusive 800 phone number on our convenient plastic card (shown above). If you are arrested, just call our toll-free number and give us the info we need to help you. We will call all the telephone numbers you provided us with and will continue attempts until your people are notified.

THE SMALL PRINT WHAT WE DO

We attempt to reach people at the phone numbers provided until at least 4 of 7 or 3 of the 5 numbers have been contacted. Under most circumstances we will attempt to reach all 7 numbers. All members have 365-day a-year, 24 hour a-day access to the BustLine. After identifying yourself using a preassigned code, which you have chosen, you provide us with all pertinent information regarding your arrest where you are, what you were arrested for, your bail, any other legal communication you would like relayed to the individuals at the phone numbers you provided.

When we call the numbers, we follow your instructions. For instance, at your prearranged request, we will ask for a particular person, or a code, or, if you wish, just provide the information to anyone who answers.

We will start phoning your numbers immediately. If we cannot reach the numbers right away, we will continue phoning until 4 of them are reached. We have a re-dialing schedule which we will provide to all applicants.

WHAT WE DON'T DO

1. We don't provide bail.
2. We are not a legal referral service. We do not provide lawyers or have a lawyer referral list and we cannot provide legal advice.
3. This service is for use only for arrests. It does not cover contact in other emergencies.
4. We are not responsible for inoperable telephone numbers provided by you, phone hangups (although we will re-dial several times), or phone call recipients who do not use the information. However, members can update their phone numbers and contact people on their application at any time.

WHO IS QUICK TELESIS COMPANY?

Quick Telesis Company was formed by some of the people involved with Quick Trading Company, one of High Times' longest-running and most reliable advertisers. Because this service has to be run right all the time — there is no margin for error — we got together with Grand Central Answering Service which is run by experienced and very discreet telephone service operators.

All of the people involved are members of the alternative culture who understand the sensitive nature of the information you provide us and who are sympathetic to people who have been arrested. (Most of us have been arrested more than once!)

High Times' management knows all of the principals involved in this enterprise and encouraged us to provide this service to its readers.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THE QUICK BUSTLINE:

1. You don't even need a dime to get in touch with people outside. Just call our toll-free 800 number from anywhere in the United States, or collect from Canada.
2. The only phone record the police will have is to our service. We respect our client's privacy and will use all legal means at our disposal to protect it.
3. Our operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. There is always someone home at our office so you can be assured of getting through on one of our phone lines.
4. We know the questions to ask so that we can provide you with the most help as quickly as possible. While you're being processed by the police, our service is already working to notify your friends so that you can get out, quickly!

HOW TO REGISTER

The Quick BustLine is available to all residents of the United States. The service cost \$35.00 for five names or \$40.00 for seven names for 1 year. As soon as we receive your check or money order, you will be registered. We will send you notification of registration. The Quick BustCard® which lists our telephone numbers and pertinent information for you to know in case of arrest. Just fill in the application below and you will have the Quick BustLine at your service, pronto. Send your application and check or money order to:

Quick BustLine c/o High Times Magazine, 17 West 60th Street, New York, New York 10023.

APPLICATION

NAME _____
(please print)
ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____
TELEPHONE (optional) _____
YOUR CODE WORD OR PHRASE (no more than 3 words) (optional) _____

PHONE NUMBERS YOU WANT CALLED

Phone number, Name of person to ask for (optional), Code to ask answering party (optional), Relationship (optional), Special instructions (for instance: speak only to: speak to anyone, etc.)

	Phone #	Name	Code	Relationship	Special instructions
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					

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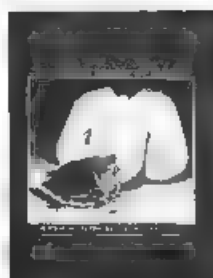
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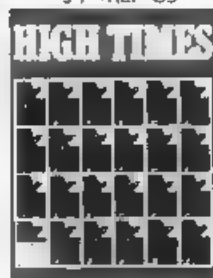
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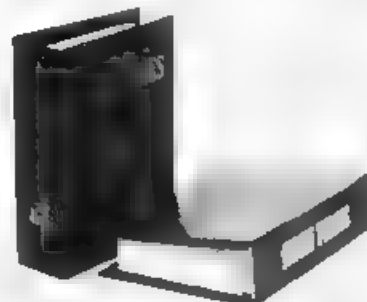
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YES! Please send me the following back issues of HIGH TIMES.

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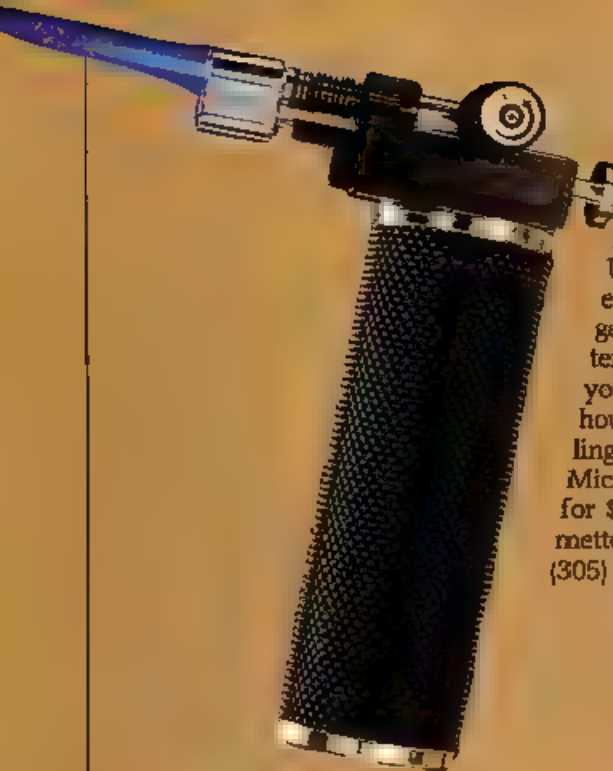
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			TOTAL		=	_____

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Make check or money order payable to **HIGH TIMES**, P.O. Box 1414, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. Overseas add \$1.00.



HOT TORCH

You never know when you're gonna need a reliable flame. It could be for starting a fire on your next trek to Antarctica, doing some spot welding on the frame of your '57 Chevy, or at home for more cerebral pursuits. When you do feel the desire for reliable fire, the **BLAZER MICRO-TORCH** is the light that's right. Upon what do we base that conclusion? Well, the Blazer has piezo-electric ignition and a refillable butane gas chamber, providing a precise and controlled high-temperature flame of 2500 degrees F, which means you can use the micro-torch continuously for many hours. There's a rubber cushion grip for firm handling—no matter how shaky your hands get. The Blazer Micro-Torch is available in gold-tone or chrome finish for \$61.95 postpaid from J & S Marketing, 153 E. Palmetto Park Rd., Suite 191, Boca Raton, FL 33432, or call (305) 395-4505.



HIPT

What's the perfect fashion accessory for the person who's not sure where he/she stands? How 'bout a T-shirt that demands, "TELL ME NOW! Before I waste an 8-ball." The **8-BALL T** (available from CREATIVE LINES, 2674 E. Main St., Suite C-168, Ventura, CA 93003, for \$14.45 postpaid) is made of 100% cotton, with a front pocket, and comes in light blue, tan and black. Word from the West Coast says that the 8-ball may have a double meaning, something to do with a weight measurement for a certain controlled substance. But we at **HIGH TIMES**, not being hip to the latest Valley lingo, are unable to substantiate that report. Buy one of these T-shirts, and learn for yourself the true meaning of this cryptic slogan.



COOL PIPE

Smoking a pipe can be hot fun—but sometimes it gets *too* hot. To cool your smoke and still enjoy total tobacco smoking pleasure, you need a truly fine pipe. We just happen to have one in mind: the **MEDIUM SULTAN**, a top-of-the-line meerschaum pipe. In case you're not hip to meerschaum, it's a sea mineral that has been used for centuries to cool the pipes of sophisticated smokers. Now **JEAN MARIE'S PRODUCTS** (Dept. HG, P.O. Box 121054, Nashville, TN 37212) has created an exquisitely carved meerschaum pipe that is perfect for cool toking. Each Medium Sultan (priced at \$36.45) varies in shape and detail and comes with its own custom-fitted case. And in case pipes aren't your cup of tea, send a buck to Jean Marie's for a complete catalog of smoking and snuff accessories.



ENTRAPMENT

(you can now prevent it)

"1984" — The year of Big Brother. Could somebody be trying to become more informed of your private affairs? There are ways of detecting privacy intruders.

FACTS

Statistics have recently indicated that 3 out of 10 companies involved with classified information are being bugged. You read it in the news every day that eavesdropping is being done on every level.

Whether legal or illegal, eavesdropping is an invasion of your privacy. Technology has made miniature eavesdropping devices possible. It has also made possible extensive use of radio frequency transmitters the most common eavesdropping device used today.

DETECTION

A radio frequency transmitter will actually relay your voice to some distant point where it can then be recorded and used against you.

CSI introduces the first affordable transmitter detector in the counter-surveillance industry. "THE INFORMER" is the most compact and reliable wireless transmitter detector on the market. After detecting the presence of a transmitter "THE INFORMER" can actually pinpoint the location of it. This is a feature found only in equipment costing 5 to 10 times as much. "THE INFORMER" can be used to detect virtually all transmitters used for surveillance purposes.

APPLICATIONS

"THE INFORMER" is designed to alert the user to —

A person transmitting your conversation with them by using a body transmitter (a wire).

Transmitters located in vehicles that are

following you. "THE INFORMER" can detect powerful car transmitters at greater distances than it will detect body transmitters.

The use of hidden transmitters (bugs) placed in any location where privacy is essential (your home, office, board room, auto, hotel room etc.)



COVERAGE

The following lists all the frequency bands "THE INFORMER" will detect.

- AM Broadcast Band • Marine Band
- International Short Wave • Short Wave
- Citizens Band • Government and Public Service • VHF (Commercial FM and TV)
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- UHF (Business and Police Band)
- and a portion of the Microwave Band

FEATURES

"THE INFORMER" is being completely made in the U.S.

Just the size of a credit card and only 1/2 inch thick and only 1.7 oz.

Audible and visual alarm alerts the user to the presence of a transmitter.

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Cannabis

/ continued from page 60

Ordinary, healthy people don't have to worry about this, because their immune systems handle such stuff automatically. Chemotherapy patients, though, have no immune systems while they're in therapy, and are acutely susceptible to infections of all sorts. Therefore, baking the dope to kill any possible fungal or bacterial contaminants is advisable for them.

GRASS AND SEX

Q. I am writing a term paper on the subject of aphrodisiacs. Can you give me any information on the use of marijuana in this respect?

A. Check out Dr. Tod Mikuriya's volume, *The Cannabis Papers*. But be sure to distinguish between traditional "aphrodisiacs" using pure cannabis, and the ones cut with *datura*—Deadly Nightshade, jimsonweed and so on. The *datura* potions were knockout drops, pure and simple, for use by rapists and slave-catchers.

As a rule of thumb, marijuana will mainly make horny only those people who are predisposed to get horny, even before they light up the joint. If a person is positively disinclined to be horny, grass will generally only punctuate that disinclination. But this is only a rule of thumb. We could be wrong.

The first Harry Anslinger reefer-madness stories of the '30s, of course, luridly accused black men of using "Marihuana" to incite "unnatural concupiscence" in pure young white girls who would otherwise, of course, never have dreamt

of doing The Deed with a black man, ever, in a million trillion years, for goodness' sake. This prurient theme stayed popular for years and years, until it was abruptly dropped in the late '60s, thanks to the Sexual Revolution. If sex suddenly was to be a good thing, then marijuana, to remain a *bad* thing, had to actively abolish, obtund and annul the sex drive. It was at precisely this time that grass was suddenly accused of growing breasts on men and lowering their testosterone levels, and of making women frigid and infertile, and deforming their babies, and wreaking every other conceivable sort of sexual havoc.

After 15 subsequent years of vigorous and expensive government studies, it has been pretty solidly demonstrated, by default, that reefer has none of these moxie-reducing properties. The single best one was the Masters and Johnson study of '74 where they cooped up a bunch of healthy young men in a dorm for four months, with no women, smoking grass like hey go mad, and then checked their testosterone levels. Now, if these lads had been in jail for four months, with no women or *dope*, their hormone levels would have dropped notably; and that's what the researchers clearly expected to be able to report, with much headline hoopla: GRASS LOWERS MEN'S MOXIE!

But, lo and behold, these guys turned up no clinically significant change in hormone levels! There was a tiny statistical drop in hormone levels for the group as a whole, but it was absolutely devoid of clinical significance in the case of any single, individual smoker!¹⁴ It was a surprise to confound endocrinologists everywhere. (To be sure, this study is

incessantly cited by well-meaning "drug education and prevention" authorities to convince people that pot lowers men's sex-hormone levels. Most of these frauds are perfectly well acquainted with the identically-designed Northwestern University pot study which showed an equally insignificant testosterone rise in the volunteers, each time the high wore off.¹⁵ But they only give us half the truth, because they mean so well.)

Not for nearly six years did a hunt emerge as to how this could possibly happen. Then in NIDA's "Marijuana 1980" monograph, Dr. Carol Grace Smith discreetly reported that whenever she shot up monkeys with stiff doses of pure THC, they showed a conspicuous bloodstream drop in a particular hormone called "prolactin."¹⁶ Prolactin, in men and women alike, abolishes "active" sex hormones like testosterone and estrogens. If THC in grass really drops prolactin, then it's entirely possible it may directly stimulate a person's sexual receptiveness, somewhat, for as long as the high lasts.

Alas, though, the body is very good at compensating for things like this. After a few weeks of regular grass use, it seems, the stuff no longer affects prolactin one way or the other. That's when the "rule of thumb" above comes into play.

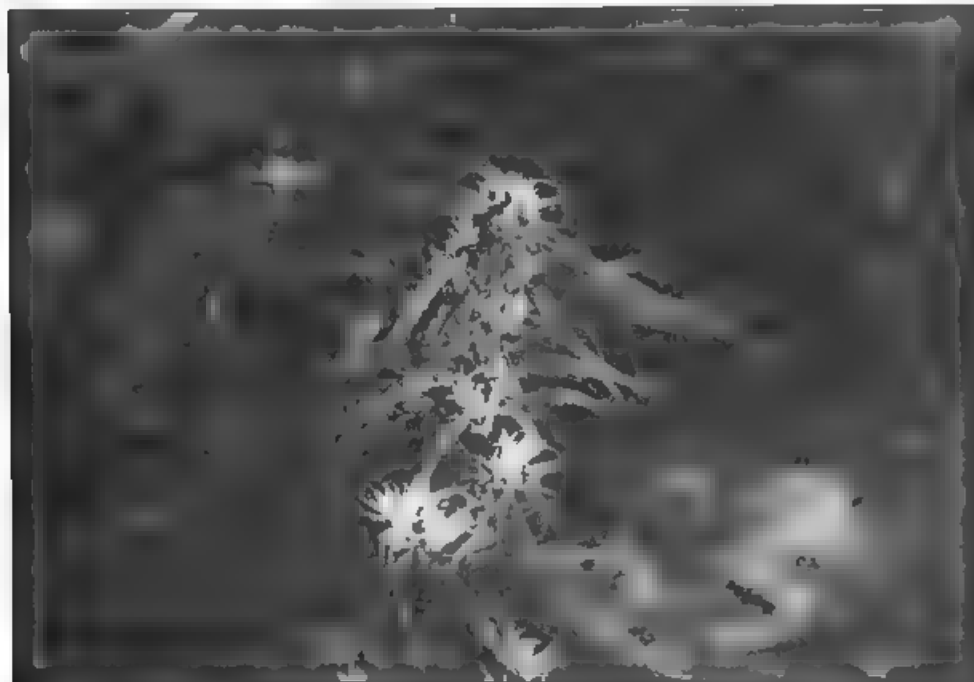
For seducing drug-naïve neophytes though, male or female, of any color, grass probably is a fairly effective device. It would probably be awful good for long-term married folks, too, just for an occasional dope-crazed sex spree.

MARIJUANA MAINTENANCE?

Q. I have a friend who's always trying to kick grass. He does four to six joints a day, but it doesn't get him high at all anymore, unless it's really super weed, and that costs too much. He can hardly afford enough crummy commercial to feed his habit, and, besides the money, he's always worrying that the stuff's growing breasts on him, or giving him emphysema, or killing his sex drive, or giving him amnesia. But every time he tries to quit, he gets shakes and sweats, and his stomach cramps up, and he can't sit still, or sleep, or think about anything but grass, until he gives up and starts smoking again. Is this guy nuts, or is grass really addictive?

A. Well, both, more or less.

Your—ahem—"friend" here isn't certifiably nuts, from the sound of it, just a compulsive natural-born twitch. If he wasn't doing grass, he would assuredly be doing some other dumb thing—alcohol probably, or worse yet, health-nut



/ continued from previous page

stuff like jogging and complicated diet supplements—and he would be just as fucked up and equivocal and compulsive about it. This is the way some people are, and there's little to be done about it, or that really ought to be done, most often.

Most natural-born twitches can be dependably "reprogrammed" by EST, religion, Scientology, professional aversive-conditioning therapy or other nonsense; but then they typically turn into pushy, aggressive, intolerant, insufferable boors. Your friend is probably much more likable and interesting the way he is now, honest to God.

As to the weed, he undoubtedly originally took to it, as a natural-born twitch, for its anxiety-reducing properties. Marijuana can help with this for years on end for most twitches, just as good as Valium, without all the complicated long-term side effects. But eventually a natural-born twitch is bound to reach a fixed tolerance level—six joints a day or whatever—where it doesn't do the job anymore, and neither will higher doses or more powerful grass either, really. About the time grass stops doing the job, it also typically becomes the focus of the kind of flight-or-fight ambivalence your friend has conjured up over it.

The withdrawal symptoms you enumerate are quite real. Lab volunteers given high, regular doses of pure synthetic THC for extended periods tend to show the same physical symptoms—sweating, insomnia, tummy-gripes, restlessness—when the dose is abruptly discontinued.¹⁷ Most people who abruptly quit grass, because they've got bad colds or have been chucked in jail or something, show very mild symptoms like this for a couple days, but it's not terribly bothersome. It's nothing nearly as heavy as abrupt withdrawals from caffeine or tobacco; and it wouldn't begin to show up on a kick-symptom chart for opiate or alcohol withdrawals. (This has been checked extensively.) But naturally-twitchy people can zero right in on these normally-subthreshold "abstinence" reactions, and inflate them into honest physical agony through pure anxiety.

Most people who give up grass do so out of a naturally-progressive waning of interest in the high. Generally they taper down, imperceptibly, from daily to weekly to special-occasion use, with no physical twinges at all. This is probably out of the question for your twitchy friend there, though middle age will very likely take care of it, painlessly, in due time.

Thing is, if your friend were to somehow stay off grass for just a month or so—temporarily switch to Valium or alcohol, maybe, and grit his teeth manfully through a self-imposed 30-day "marijuana detox"—something really special would most likely happen when he started smoking again. It would be just like the first time he ever tried it, all those fabulous "honeymoon" sensations all over again: the munchies, the eternally long walks in the night rain, the imaginary music playing a 40-piece orchestra in his head, the works. Even better this time, because he'd keep flashing on long-forgotten memories of his first pot honeymoon. And he would feel much, much better, for a long, long time, before he began to get all twitchy and hypochondriacal again.

Marijuana maintenance—there are much lousier therapies than this for natural-born twitches.

REFERENCES

¹Seid, D.A., et al. "Mutagenic activity of marijuana smoke condensates." *Pharmacologist*, 21:204, 1979.

²Sassenrath, E.N., et al. "Tolerance and reproductive deficit in primates chronically drugged with delta-9 THC." *Pharmacologist*, 21:201, 1979.

/ continued on page 87



STOP ACID RAIN

ACID RAIN IS SILENTLY, GRADUALLY CHOKING THE LIFE OUT of thousands of our lakes and streams. It kills fish; it damages forests, crops, and buildings, and it leaches toxic chemicals into drinking water supplies. The National Academy of Sciences estimates that acid rain costs us more than \$5 billion in damages every year.

Acid rain threatens the Northeast, the South, the Great Lakes region, Texas, the Rocky Mountains, and the far West. Rain in the eastern U.S. and areas in the West now averages 30 to 40 times more acidic than normal.

Emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from power plants, factories, and automobiles are the primary causes of acid rain. Over the past 30 years, these emissions have doubled, and they continue to grow.

The only way to stop acid rain is to stop it at its source, primarily the sulfur dioxide emissions from coal-fired power plants. The National Academy of Sciences recommends that acid deposition be cut by 50%. This means reducing annual sulfur dioxide emissions by 12 million tons. Contrary to industry propaganda, we can do that while protecting jobs — and at reasonable cost.

For more information on acid rain, please write to Acid Rain Campaign, Sierra Club, 530 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94108.

• • •

Yes, please send me more information on acid rain

Name

Address

City State Zip

HAUTE CUISINE

Secret Recipe for Delicious Pot Chocolates

by Ed Rosenthal

A few days ago I received a call from U.B. (the Unknown Brewer). He said that he had some things he wanted to show me, and I invited him over.

"My days have not been idle since I retired from beermaking," he said. "I am still working with leaf because it's so undervalued and I have discovered some magnificent new recipes. Too bad that it's too late for me to submit them to the recipe contest. I know you've chosen your winners."

"Okay, I'll bite," I said.

"Well, aside from the alcohol, there were a lot of problems with beermaking. It's hard work. Making the brew isn't that hard, but washing the bottles, filling them and lugging them around can be a real pain. Once I had to deliver one thousand bottles to New York. That's forty cases. Not easy."

"What have you dreamed up?"

"I wanted something that was lightweight, physically, that is."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a goody covered with aluminum foil. "I can't decide what to call them—Magic Chocolates, California Chocolates, High Bites. But, even without a name, everyone seems to like them."

I opened the package. A brown lump, enticing, with a rough rather than chocolate matte finish sat in a paper candy-cup. I bit into it and it tasted pretty good. "Minty," I said. "Peanuts, and raisins. You can hardly taste the pot."

"And they're much easier to carry than beer. Why I'm carrying two dozen right in my pocket. A lot lighter than two six-packs. And no glass to break."

I asked how he made them, but he refused to divulge his secret unless he was declared a *HIGH TIMES* Recipe Winner. "And I want it in the first possible issue of the magazine so people can make these chocolates for the spring holidays."

"The reason I like this recipe so much is that it is so simple and quick to prepare. The marijuana doesn't have to be washed or anything, the chocolate covers the taste. I can make a hundred chocolates in less than three hours from start to finish, including cleanup."

After tasting the chocolate, I had to admit that U.B. had come up with another



● Fresh from the oven, a hot pot chocolate cools on the scale.

winner.

"It's too bad that you won't be able to see my operation. Security, you understand. But I have taken some pictures."

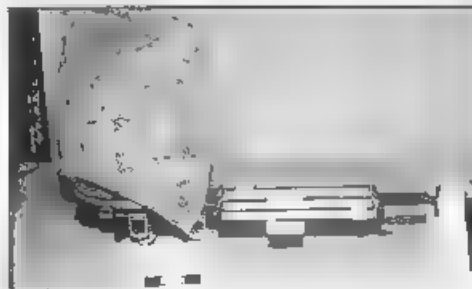
He handed me a roll of undeveloped film, and then left. Here's his recipe.

U.B.'s California Chocolates Ingredients.

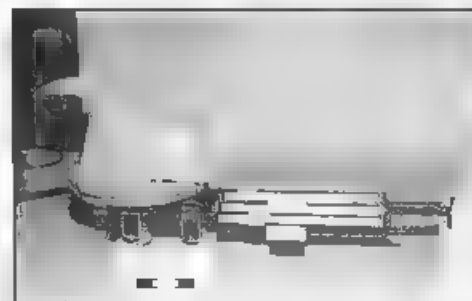
- 380 gm. baking chocolate (U.B. uses bittersweet but milk is okay)
- 20 gm. unsalted roasted peanuts, crushed into small pieces
- 20 gm. raisins or other dried fruit
- 20 gm. vegetable oil (U.B. uses olive oil because it does not spoil easily)
- 40 gm. marijuana leaf
- 50 gm. extra rich or chocolate milk
- mint or other extract to taste
- 1 tbsp. unsweetened cocoa

Place chocolate, oil and milk in a double-boiler and heat until melted, stirring occasionally. While the ingredients are melting, grind the marijuana leaf to a flour-like consistency using a flour grinder or blender. Strain the powder through a sieve to remove twigs and fibers. Add the pot, peanuts, raisins and extract to the melted chocolate and mix thoroughly. Spoon into one-ounce servings either on wax paper or preferably into paper candy-cups. Then pat the chocolate down and chill. Makes twenty average servings. □

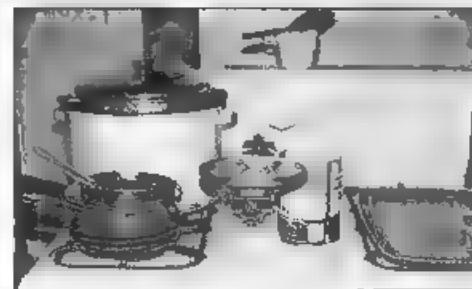
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● A large-size plastic bag packed with 209½ grams of primo leaf.



● High-speed blending of the leaves made potent package of flour power.



● The complete set-up for making delicious pot chocolates.

C'MON, BABY, LIGHT MY FIRE...



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		add \$1.50 per item postage & handling	_____
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Allow 21 days for delivery. Personal checks allow four additional weeks.

NORML's Message to Political Leaders

With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

Yet, this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

American agricultural entrepreneurs have created a new revenue source for our economy despite resistance and interference from the government bureaucracy. This new market represents an economic boon for America's farmers, and a potential new source of tax revenue.

Despite government interference, this crop has become the largest agricultural commodity in the United States, larger than wheat, corn, or soybeans. The farmers, wholesalers, and retailers of this crop earn over \$30 billion a year without paying a penny in taxes.

These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an

unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

Marijuana, it's time for a new look.

For further information contact.

The National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML)
2001 S Street NW, Suite 640,
Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 483-5500



Ask Ed

/ continued from page 55

haven't heard of any studies regarding multi-vitamin pills and plant growth.

When the branches are tied together, light is blocked and growth slows. Rather than tie branches which are too wide, cut them to allow more room.

Dear Ed,

My plant came out with a branch with a white stem and leaves when I pruned it. Why? Will it affect the potency of the plant?

—Name withheld
Roseboom, N.Y.

The stem mutated when it was cut. It lost the ability to produce chlorophyll. Cutting part of the plant stresses the cells near the wound. A number of hormones are produced by the plant to heal the wound and stimulate growth. Once in a while, the cells, which are growing rapidly, mutate. The chromosomes, which are composed of a protein abbreviated as DNA, do not reproduce exactly. This change in the DNA results in a change in the plant.

Chlorophyll, which is the characteristic green pigment found in most higher plants, is the molecule the plant uses to convert light energy to sugars. Plant parts which do not contain chlorophyll, grow slower and are often unviable.

Last month I visited my local U.S. Government bookstore and found some fascinating materials. Here's a partial list:

—*Parents, Peers and Pot*, published by the U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services. DHHS Publication # (ADM) 82-812, \$5. This is a book chock full of alarmist information meant to get parents hysterically anxious. Chapters include "The Family vs. the Drug Culture," "What You May Face if Your Child Starts Using Drugs" and "How Parents Can Work With the School and Community to Create a Healthier Non-Drug Oriented Environment for Youngsters."

—*Parents, Peers and Pot II*, published by the U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services. DHHS Publication # (ADM) 83-1290, \$4.50. This book describes how "parents groups" organized "Wars on Drugs,"

actually on nonconformity, in various communities in the U.S. It also details various actions funded by the government which unconstitutionally influenced legislation.

—"The Effect of Police on Crime," published by The U.S. Dept. of Justice, \$4.50, *Perspectives*, November 1979. This booklet describes various street police tactics and their effect on the crime rate. It calls for "aggressive patrol policy" in some cases. That translates to mean "pick on somebody because you don't like their face."

—"Drug Users and Driving Behaviors," Research Issues #20, National Institute on Drug Abuse, \$7. This is a detailed study of driving and various drugs.

—"Report to the Nation on Crime and Justice," The Data, U.S. Dept. of Justice, Publication #NCJ-87068, \$6. This book provides data regarding arrests and crime for 1982. It shows the results of the system.

—"Drug Agents' Guide to Forfeiture of Assets," U.S. Dept. of Justice (no publication #), \$9.50. This is a working how-to for drug agents. It is must reading for all involved parties.

The printing office prints a subject bibliography, which lists all the subject indexes. The subject bibliography for drug documents is #SB-163. Bibliographies are available free. Among the documents listed are *Drug Enforcement Quarterly*, published by the DEA. Subscription price is \$8 a year. According to the bibliography, it contains articles on drug enforcement for a professional readership in the criminal justice and public health care systems. Publication #S/N 027-004-81001-8.

The address to write is: U.S. Government Printing Office, Superintendent of Documents, Washington, DC 20402.

I welcome tips, comments and questions regarding marijuana. Also, send in your photos for the Garden, Plant and Bud of the Month contest. All writers whose material is used in the column will receive a free copy of my new book, *Marijuana Growers Handbook*, Indoor-Greenhouse Edition. □

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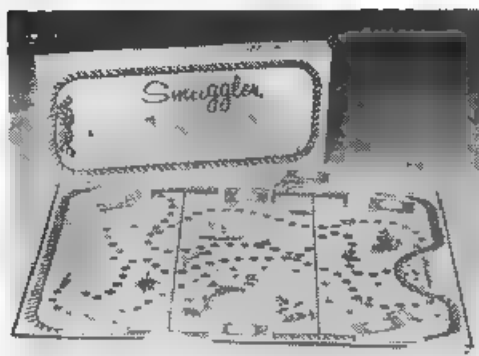
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Letters

/ continued from page 6

like taking a big, beautiful platter of boeuf Bourignon," Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic estimates, "and transplanting it straight into your stomach. It'd be the same stuff, you'd have the same feeling of fullness, you'd shit the same shit, but it'd all be wasted. You wouldn't get the taste, and the taste is what you're after."

Old Faithful

Editor

I was a faithful follower of your magazine for years before wisely starting a subscription. I would scour the newsstands, old book stores, and friends' basements for copies of your mag. Imagine my joy upon receiving my first issue and following issues.

I would like to thank you for putting out this excellent mag. Keep up the good work.

I wish it were easier in Canada to obtain similar reading material; other publications are rare or a rip-off. *Homegrown Quarterly* seems to be such a rip-off mag. I sent my money, waited, talked on the phone, was put off, and still am waiting. I did this the same time as receiving your first issue. Live and learn.

—B.J.

Calgary, Alberta, Can

Fast Blood

Editor

I've decided to subscribe to your magazine after having bought it off the newsstand for nearly two years. In that time I've seen *HIGH TIMES* become more aware of the health of its readers. You also point out the cons as well as the pros of drug use.

I enjoy getting high though not always by chemical means. I applaud your promoting natural means to "getting high" and of self enjoyment.

I would like to see an article about amphetamines sometime. I have many questions concerning the drug, such as, how long after last use can it be detected in the blood?

—Bob Christensen

Address withheld

Amphetamine end-products can be detected in blood plasma for three to five days after use. They can be detected in urine for five to seven

days, according to the companies who make urine tests for speed. The trouble is, neither the blood tests nor the urine tests can reliably distinguish amphetamine particles from particles of phenylpropanolamine (PPA), a perfectly legal over-the-counter decongestant which is present in literally scores of common nonprescription cough remedies, asthma medications, and weight-loss aids like Dietac and Dexatrim. Anyone who gets in trouble over a blood or urine test for "amphetamines" should definitely get a lawyer and take the case to court —Ed

It's Alive

Editor

On recent examination of your latest issue, I was thrilled to encounter the prose of both Mr. Bukowski and Ms. Acker. I have been fans of theirs for years. I applaud your policy of supporting living creative writers.

—Cliff Eisner

San Francisco, Cal

Pissed

Editor:

I've just picked up a copy of your September 1984 *HIGH TIMES* specifically to obtain your address. You are the only resource I know to ask about this.

The Naval Reserve Unit to which I am attached is very much up on giving surprise urinalysis tests. From what I understand, a new portable unit has been developed which can detect THC content up to sixty days in the urine. Guess who got caught?

Is there any preventive measure that can be taken to eliminate THC in urine? I realized that abstaining from marijuana use could definitely do this, and this is what I have decided to do until other means can be found.

I'm not so much aggravated by the military's system of keeping drug use in check for full time, active personnel, but when civilians like myself who only play the game one weekend out of every month are subjected to this same mentality, I get a little perturbed.

—Name withheld

Maine

It is very valiant of you to abstain from marijuana, but that's absolutely no guarantee that you won't come up positive on any urinalysis test for it. As explained at length in previous

issues of **HIGH TIMES** (December 1982, and February 1984, plus short items like this every three months), urine tests for THC are just as likely to "see" nonexistent THC in people's urine as to catch THC that may be really there. The "portable test" you talk about, for instance, is rated by its own manufacturer—the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California—as "95 percent accurate," meaning that out of every hundred tests run on people in your unit, five will show false positives. The Department of the Navy knows all about it, too, but they just keep on using these tests because they want to set a broad legal precedent for eliminating all privacy rights for service personnel. The Uniform Code of Military Justice actually has some pretty tight privacy rules governing servicepeople, but every time a sailor or soldier accepts a penalty based on one of these abysmally inaccurate piss tests, that provision of the Code is weakened further.

Thousands of service people have already sued the Departments of the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Air Force and the Defense Department itself to have these tests eliminated. Anyone who gets in trouble with these things is heartily encouraged to write to us, or to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (2001 S St. N.W., Washington, DC 20003), and we'll get you in contact with a reliable civilian lawyer.

Tastes Good

Editor:

While watching CNN's program *Take Two*, on September 25, 1984, Dr. Susan Sthland, a "tastologist," or something like that, stated that her research of taste and smell indicated hot, spicy foods seem to increase adrenalin flow in people by activating it at the tip of the tongue.

I have made that basic statement about the use of the herb marijuana for years. It is one of the strongest and, I might add, one of the many positive uses of marijuana I have argued for with family, friend and foe.

However just this possibility alone should be reason enough for an objective redefinition of the use of marijuana. Why shouldn't we the people have not only the choice but also the right of choice to use marijuana?

—Ernest I. Sulcer

Address withheld

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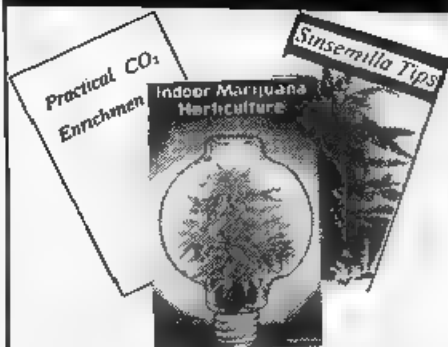
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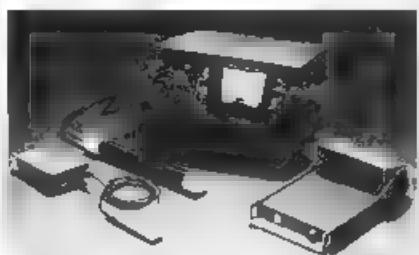
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Lonely male prisoner needs people to write: GARY BEARD, #15741, P.O. Box 30 Pendleton, IN 46064.

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

POT LAW REFORM IN BIG TROUBLE

Countering the Crackdown in Court

by Jeanne Lang

YOU RETURN FROM A HARD DAY OF classes to find your apartment burglarized. You explain to the police that your stereo, which used to be in the front room, isn't. They begin looking around to "see if anything else is missing." You assure them otherwise, but they enter your roommate's bedroom, snoop around the plant room and eventually find several seedlings. Suddenly the tide is turned. You are now the suspect. The charge: possession and cultivation of marijuana. Luckily, your roommate will own up to the seedlings. Thank God, med school is saved.

But now what? In this case the med student's roommate, David Miller, was so angry over this intrusion that he was willing to fight for the principle rather than take the easy way the prosecution offered, a quick plea of guilty. He contacted New Jersey NORML for help and, together with the ACLU, launched a constitutional challenge to the state's marijuana statute on the grounds that, in the absence of a compelling interest such as protection of the population's health, safety or welfare, the government has no constitutional right to make laws proscribing behavior, especially where it abrogates a citizen's constitutional right, such as privacy.

"I can't believe that these laws are still enforced. This brought home the sad truth," says Miller. Correlative to this country's political climate, the laws focusing on marijuana have become increasingly harsh and more strictly enforced. Courts construe statutes broadly, inviting civil-rights abuses by allowing farreaching powers to law-enforcement authorities. Stiff sentences are regularly granted. The threat of a 20-year prison term prompts many defendants to testify against their co-conspirators or become government informers and *agents provocateur*. Forfeited proceeds and goods gleaned from "drug profits" fund many snitch programs. Excuses to open mail are not far behind invidious law-enforcement tactics like sending wired agents to cook up sting operations, or

intercepting radio-phone conversations to use as evidence. The present policy has become so dangerously chaotic that many attorneys feel they're engaged in a daily battle where the once-protective blanket of the Bill of Rights is being torn to shreds, rendering our legal system of safeguards incapable of sheltering citizens from police abuses.

Marijuana, the softest and most popular "illicit" drug, maintains the drug-enforcement bureaucracy. Ubiquitous and easy to detect, it is the perfect scapegoat to obtain the necessary "narcotics prosecutions" to call for increased funding—bureaucracy for the sake of itself. Bust statistics now top 600,000 nationwide: one arrest for pot every minute of the year. We laughed at "paraphernalia laws"—baggies and paper clips becoming illegal—but now stores are shut down by police for selling the "wrong" merchandise. Marijuana is used as a very effective law-enforcement tool. Highway patrol officers in court present a

pack of papers or a few seeds discovered under the car seat as the only grounds for search.

The vast extent of arbitrary power which has been granted officers to try to "eradicate" marijuana cannot but lead to selective enforcement and indiscriminate constitutional violations. On behalf of the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project of California (CLMP), NORML and eight attorneys filed suit in 1983 and 1984 to halt the stormtrooping CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting) program, and won an injunction last fall against the most flagrant civil rights abuses ever witnessed in this "War on Marijuana." Attorney Ron Sinoway of Miranda feels that they hurt the DEA's chances to obtain funding for similar projects elsewhere in the country. "The abuses had gotten so big that the only way to stop it was to demonstrate to the public that we must pull in the reins on police power. We couldn't have done it without the efforts of the 250 members of the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project," says Sinoway. "The group had no money, but they had energy. It's hard to win a case against the government. CLMP turned it into a community project, getting media coverage and collecting evidence: the cold, hard facts necessary to convince the federal judge that enough is enough."

Continues Sinoway: "It really helps to have a movement that politicians can perceive. If the 40 million marijuana smokers out there would stand up and protest—that would be nice. But people need to go through a lot before they become motivated enough to get involved."

New York NORML attorney Alan Silber, while in Oregon last summer, witnessed that similar type of community support which influences public opinion. Concerned that Oregon might become another California, site of annual narc-squad violence, citizens banded together to put a measure on the November ballot to remove criminal penalties from the private and personal use, possession and cultivation of marijuana. To

/ continued on page 95

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statistics now
top 600,000
annually:
one arrest for
pot every
minute.**

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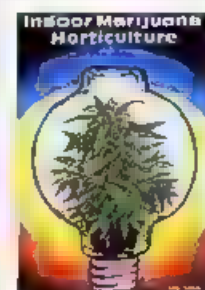
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RETURN OF THE EVERLYS

The Prodigal Brothers Are Back With a Bang

by James Marshall

It's a sound as recognizable as a Chuck Berry guitar riff or a Little Richard shriek, and one that's been equally influential. The soaring

harmonies and ringing guitars of the Everly Brothers—the smoothest and most effervescent sound in rock 'n' roll history—is being heard over the airwaves for the first time in 11 years, a full 27 years after their first hit. They

were true rock 'n' roll innovators, crystallizing the traditional country duo style of the Blue Sky Boys and the Louvin Brothers into a smooth rockin', turbine engine of a sound.

It is a sound, however, that has been stilled for over ten years. Apart from the songs that were played frequently on oldies stations, Everly

Brothers music was all-but-nonexistent on radio, and most of their records were long since out of print. The brothers had not toured together since 1973 and had not even *spoken* to each other in over a decade. For Everly Brothers fans, it was a grim period.

All that changed in 1984. A widely ballyhooed reunion concert, a critically lauded new album, and a concert tour of the States thrust the Everlys back into the spotlight. I, for one, am thrilled to have them back.

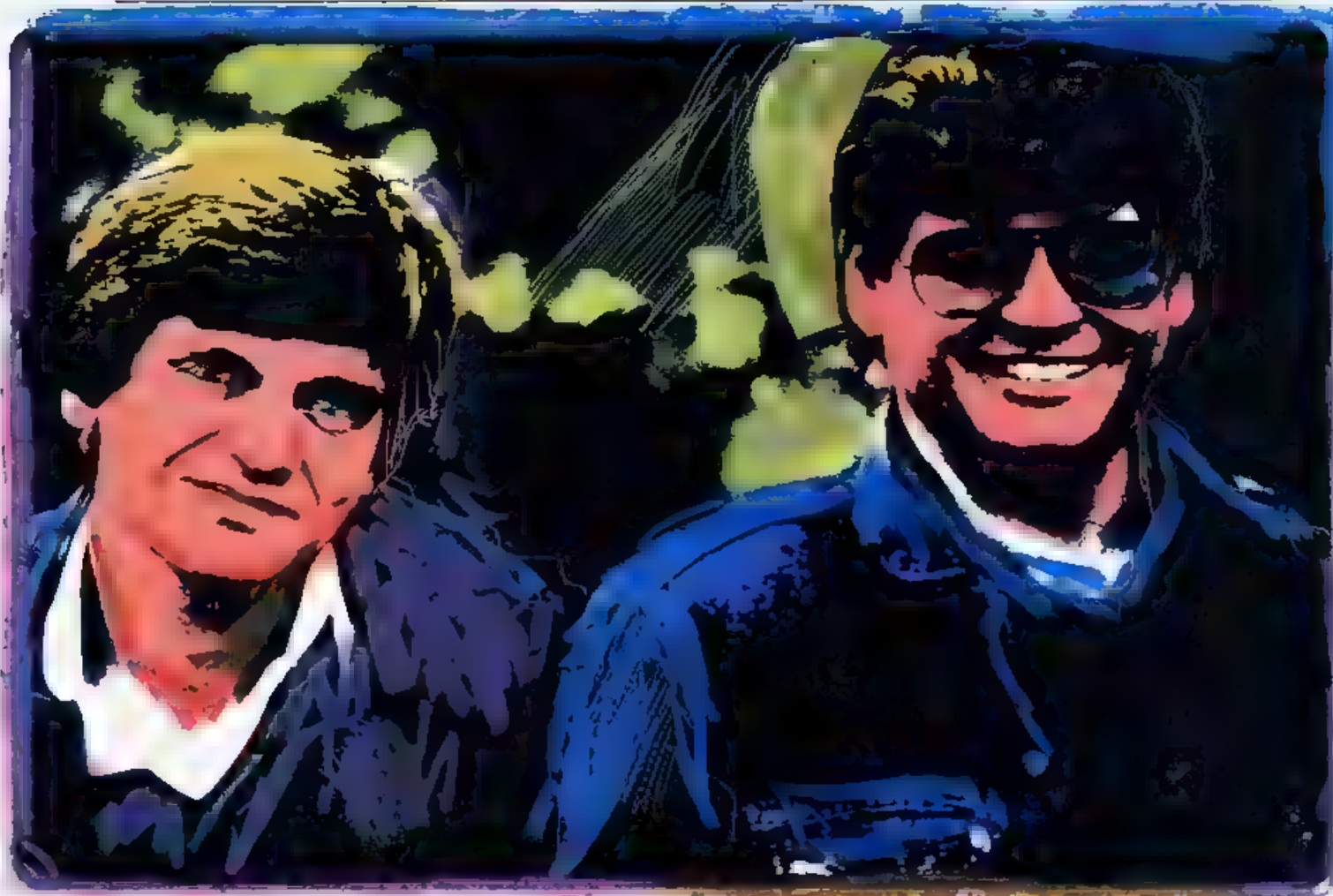
The Everly Brothers story is one of the oddest and most complex in rock history.

Sons of old-time country duo Ike and Margaret Everly, Don (b. 1937) and Phil (b. 1939) were reared in Kentucky, listening to country music and rhythm and blues. They sang on their parents' radio show when they were barely into their teens, and were soon picked up by Acuff-Rose Music (home of Hank Williams

and other heavies) as writers. Don sold a tune to Kitty Wells, "Thou Shall Not Steal," a minor hit in 1955. They cut four sides for Columbia. "Keep A'Lovin' Me," backed with "Sun Keeps A'Shinin'," was released in '56, but Columbia dropped them after "Keep A'Lovin' Me," a lightweight country tune, promptly flopped. The other two songs weren't released until 1982.

In 1957, they signed with Archie Bleyer's Cadence Records. By this time they were a rock 'n' roll duo with a fully defined sound. Their first Cadence record, "Bye Bye Love" (written by Boudleaux Bryant), sailed straight up the charts to No. 1, kicking off a string of hits that would end five years and 25 Top Forty hits later.

By 1960, rock 'n' roll was changing for the worse. Elvis was in the Army, Little Richard in the ministry, Chuck Berry in trouble and Jerry Lee blackballed. Buddy Holly was



dead, and Eddie Cochran didn't have long to live. Fats Domino and Carl Perkins were buried underneath the overproduced sludge heaped on them by major labels. Somehow for the Everly Brothers things looked better than ever. Their move to Warner Brothers brought them better money and more artistic freedom (Cadence folded once they'd exploited every possible method of repackaging Everlys hits and outtakes), and the Brothers' first Warners' single, "Cathy's Clown" (Don and Phil's best original tune to date), was a huge hit, selling three million copies. For the next two years they were at their peak. The Everly sound had matured and their records were as emotionally complex as any ever made, producing a stunning string of hits: "So Sad (to watch good love go bad)," "Love Hurts," "Crying In The Rain," "Walk Right Back," and so on.

The hits kept coming—a rollicking version of Little Richard's "Lucille," "That's Old Fashioned," "Ebony Eyes"—until the end of '62. Sitting on top of the world by late '62, Phil and Don soon ran into trouble. They fired manager/producer Wesley Rose, losing Acuff/Rose tunesmith Boudleaux Bryant in the process. Warners rushed out a couple of mediocre LPs (*Both Sides of the Evening* and *Instant Party*) to bide the time during the brothers' six-month stint in the Marines. Then Don collapsed during a tour of Britain, leaving Phil to carry on solo.

After the hut machine ground to a halt, things would never be the same. Each year saw the Everlys sinking deeper into an abyss, yet still working constantly, touring and recording. They made much of their best (and most overlooked) music in these years, but would never again regain the ears of the mass audience. Constant bickering, divorce and breakdowns all took their toll. Don unknowingly got hooked on speed when a New York Dr. Feelgood gave him "vitamins" laced with amphetamines. Strung out and depressed, Don attempted suicide in 1966.

While the Brit invasion sealed the Everlys' fate in America, they scored big in England in '64 with "Price Of Love" and kept busy touring Europe, Australia and the Far East. They occasionally appeared on *Shindig*, where they'd get to cut the competition like Gerry and the Pacemakers

Don got hooked on speed when a New York Dr. Feelgood gave him "vitamins" laced with amphetamine.

in live jam sessions. (Don got bonked on the nose by Gerry's stupid guitar stance.) They cut their own answer to the British Invasion with *Two Yanks In England*, on which they were backed by Mickey Most's session pros (including Jimmy Page) and the Hollies.

Late '67 saw their biggest American hit in years, "Bowling Green," an ode to their Kentucky youth. But for the most part, rock 'n' roll had become "rock music," with its endless jamming and newfound pretensions leaving little room for Phil and Don's snappy two-and-a-half minute tunes and ultraprofessional stage presence.

Like other fading rock 'n' roll stars—Jerry Lee Lewis and Conway Twitty—the Everlys gradually began drifting back to the country field that had spawned them. They had always shown a strong attachment to their roots—witness their country LPs *Songs Our Daddy Taught Us*

('58), an album of traditional tunes like "Kentucky" and "Rovin' Gambler," and 1963's *Everly Brothers Sing Great Country Hits*, which featured mostly late '50s-early '60s honky tonk tunes.

With this new (old) direction in mind, 1968 saw the Everly Brothers' true masterpiece, *Roots*, one of the most emotional (and disturbing) albums in rock 'n' roll history. Mixed in with traditional songs like "Shady Grove" and "Kentucky" were snippets of the Everly family radio show circa '51-'52, a beautiful version of Jimmie Rodgers' "T For Texas" and a stunning, moody re-recording of "I Wonder If I Care As Much," an old Cadence side:

*Tears that have shed by day
Bring relief and wash away
Memories of the night before
I wonder if I'll suffer more
I wonder if I care as much as I did before.*

It was the Everlys' ten years down the road, examining their own rise and fall, innocents turning bitter, and one of the most chilling performances you'll ever hear.

It was four years before they entered the studio again. They crisscrossed America, churning out their hits on the oldies circuit, played Vegas, filled in as Johnny Cash's summer replacement on NBC one summer, hardly spoke to each other (even getting separate managers), functioning much like the Beach Boys of today as a crank-'em-out oldies jukebox.

They switched labels one more time; two solid if unexceptional albums appeared on RCA—*Stories We Could Tell* ('72) and *Pass The Chicken And Listen* ('73)—sabotaged partially by RCA's dumb ad campaign ("It's possible that you were conceived to the music of the Everly Brothers," read one ad in *Rolling Stone*, second in dumbness only to Columbia's immortal "The man can't bust our music").

Onstage at Knotts Berry Farm in 1973, Phil smashed his guitar and stomped offstage. They didn't speak to each other for ten years.

The '70s saw most of the records go out of print (only a budget set of the Cadence hits and Warners' *Very Best Of The Everly Brothers* remained available out of a 24-LP legacy). Phil cut five solo LPs for four labels, basing himself in L.A.; Don, in Nashville, recorded three LPs. None of

/ continued on next page

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these could match the Everlys together, either musically or commercially.

For whatever reasons—money, nostalgia or brotherly love—the Everly Brothers were reunited in September '83. And unlike media-propagated jive like the MTV awards, their reunion show at Royal Albert Hall in England (seen in America on HBO) had all the high drama of a genuine event. Resplendent in black tuxedos, brandishing their big, black Everly Brothers model Gibsons, they struck an emotional chord almost unheard in the back of the video-deadened brains of today's audience. Don may be looking more than a little like Robert Blake, and Phil seemed to have a glazed look in his eyes, but backed by a band of solid pros (including ace guitarist Albert Lee), they sounded, by God, just like the Everly Brothers, like they were never gone.

A second TV special followed, the PBS retrospective "Everly Brothers: Rock 'n' Roll Odyssey," which included vintage TV footage mixed with visits to their Kentucky home and snippets of the reunion show. They toured America in the summer of '84, even tighter and rocking harder than at their reunion show, and cut their first new album in ten years.

EB '84 (Mercury/Polygram), while a mixed bag of sorts, is still one of their finest LPs. Kicking off with the great hit "On The Wings Of A Nightingale" (Paul McCartney's best tune in God-knows-how-many-years), it dips in spots (Jeff Lynne's godawful "The Story Of Me," Frankie Miller's bland "Danger Danger") but mostly, Dave Edmunds' state of the art production serves the Everlys well. As Don soars into "Lay Lady Lay" or the glistening "You Make It Seem So Easy," they are exactly where they should be—on top—and sounding as youthful as ever.

Rumors persist—they still hate each other... Don refuses to sing any of Phil's tunes... they're both impossible to work with... I dunno, because sitting in the audience at one of their concerts last summer as the sun set behind us and the voices of the Everly Brothers sailed over the bleachers, none of that mattered, because it was Phil and Don, sounding just like they always did. And for me that's enough. □



THE REPLACEMENTS: MINNEAPOLIS' THE REPLACEMENTS

HIGH FIVES

Our Alternative Record Charts

ALBUMS & EPs

1. **Replacements, *Let It Be*** (P.W. Time). Minneapolis' favorite sons and America's foremost exponents of disorderly, big-rock, the Replacements add some depth and ace songwriting to their beery adolescent antics.

2. **Hüsker Dü, *Zen Arcade*** (SST). This double-record concept album reveals that underneath their abrasive guitar and howling bass and drums, the Hüsker dudes are fundamentally a pop band. Seldom have hooks been this loud and electrifying.

3. **Persian Gulf, *Changing the Weather*** (Raven). Seven slices of authentic folk-punk evoke a brooding and less obsessive Modern Lovers.

4. **True West, *Drifters*** (PVC). With a little more vision and emotional intensity, these boys from Sacramento could be Television. A fine guitar album.

5. **Butthole Surfers, *Live PCPPEP*** (Alternative Tentacles). "There's a time to fuck and a time to pray," says the Shakspeare in Lee Harvey's garage. Spin this bit of pressed pain at your next party and commit the antisocial move of your life.

SINGLES

1. **Afrika Bambaataa & James Brown, "Unity"** (Tommy Boy). The godfatherhood of two generational deities to death, an electric power groove.

2. **TLA Rock & Jimmy Jay** (SST).

3. **Def Jam, "Four Minutes"** (Def Jam). Four minutes of the same track illustrates the joys of creative scratching.

3. **Raunch Hands, "Stomp It"** (Sutra). New York cowpunks make an inspired mess of things when they try to tackle the legends of Big Sky country.

4. **Drums, "100-2"** (Jamar). Funky hip hop turns full circle and comes out in Swahili. Biting, incidentally, means stealing another rapper's lines.

5. **Fat Boys, "Jail House Rap"** (Sutra). The rotund three and their buddy The Human Beat Box find themselves behind bars for some very understandable petty reasons. —John Ireland

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Cannabis

/ continued from page 72

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VICE IS RIGHT

Why you should stay home on Friday nights

by David Harrison

Every once in a while, a TV show comes along that breaks all the rules, a show that is so different, so much cooler than run-of-the-mill TV fare, you want to stay home just to watch it. Lately, I have been staying home on Friday nights. The reason is *Miami Vice*.

Miami Vice is the best new show of the '84-'85 television season. In fact, I'll tiptoe out on a limb here and say that *Miami Vice* is the coolest show on television. By far.

Let's begin with the obvious: most of the episodes are about sex or dope, albeit from a cop's point of view. But *Miami Vice* does not glorify the cops or their work. Oh sure, the two main narcs, Sonny (Don Johnson) and Tubbs (Philip Michael Thomas), are good lookin' dukes who almost always beat the badguys. But these narcs are not portrayed as heroes; they're anti-heroes. They have recurring doubts about their work and very few scruples about how they get the job done. And their personal lives—especially Sonny's—are a mess because of their job. Sonny's wife has left him and taken their son, and his only friend, other than Tubbs, is his alligator, Elvis. Tubbs' older brother, whom he idolized, has been murdered by dealers.

The other narcs on the show are portrayed as either corrupt, slutty (the lady narcs have no trouble passing as hookers), fatuously bureaucratic or downright dumb and bumbling. (Two comic-relief narcs are constantly screwing up Sonny and Tubbs' busts.) The real *Miami Vice* Squad is obviously not enamored of the show's portrayal of their activities. The Miami narc who was the series' technical adviser resigned in protest of *Vice*'s sleazy depiction of his vice squad. Of course, we all know that real-life narcs are never sleazy...

Lest any of you think, "Hey, how come *HIGH TIMES* is praising a show about narcs," dig the fact that *Miami Vice* shows narcdom for the slimepit it really is. The second



photo by Judy Klyn

episode of the series was a good case in point. The climax of the show was pretty predictable: an undercover Fed who may have gone over to the other side is faced with a heavy dilemma. He is given a gun by the head badguy (a big-time pornographer) and ordered to chill Sonny and Tubbs, whose cover has been blown. The Fed points the gun at his fellow cops, agonizes for a split second, then turns on the baddies and starts blasting, sparking the show's climactic gun battle, which is won, of course, by the goodguys. Nothing new there.

But the epilogue was something else again. As the vice cops are jiving around back at headquarters, basking in the afterglow of victory, the vice chief comes in with some bad news: the Fed, plagued with guilt over the nasty things he had to do while undercover, has hung himself. The frivolity turns to gloom. End of show.

The fourth show was another downer. On the eve of their divorce, Sonny and his wife decide to reconcile. But Sonny is on a hit man's list, and his family must be put under wraps until the killer is nabbed. Later, the vice chief takes a bullet meant for Sonny and is seriously wounded; his life hangs in the balance for the rest of the show. OK, so the cops end up gunning down the hitman, but not before he has broken into the "safe house"

and terrorized Sonny's wife and kid. Do Sonny and his wife live happily ever after? Does the chief recover? No way, José, not on this show. Sonny's wife splits, telling him that his job has ruined their marriage. And the chief dies! That's right, a recurring character who has been in every episode of the show is unceremoniously bumped off. Not since Hitchcock put the knife to Janet Leigh in the *Psycho* shower scene has a star been axed out so unexpectedly.

But doing the unexpected is one of the hallmarks of *Miami Vice*. Unlike other cop shows, where, regardless of how hairy things get during any given episode, you know everything's gonna be alright in the end, *Vice* always keeps you guessing. In fact, if there's anything you can count on, it's that everything's *not* gonna be alright.

Beyond the show's nihilism and its seedy portrayal of vice cops, *Miami Vice* scores high marks for the taut, charismatic acting of the principals (Johnson, especially, has all the earmarks of a major star), the down 'n' dirty dialogue, and the excellent cinematography, alternately gritty and glittery, neon-lit and sun-drenched. (One reason the show looks so good is the fact that each episode costs almost \$1 million, double the budget for most one-hour shows.)

The thing that really sets *Miami* / continued on page 96

TELEVISION

Hi-Q

/ continued from page 53



A:9 B:22

C:4 D:1 E:17

F:10 G:5 H:23

I:8 J:16 K:14

L:11 M:12 N:3

O:20 P:2 Q:24

R:6 S:15 T:18

U:13 V:7 W:21

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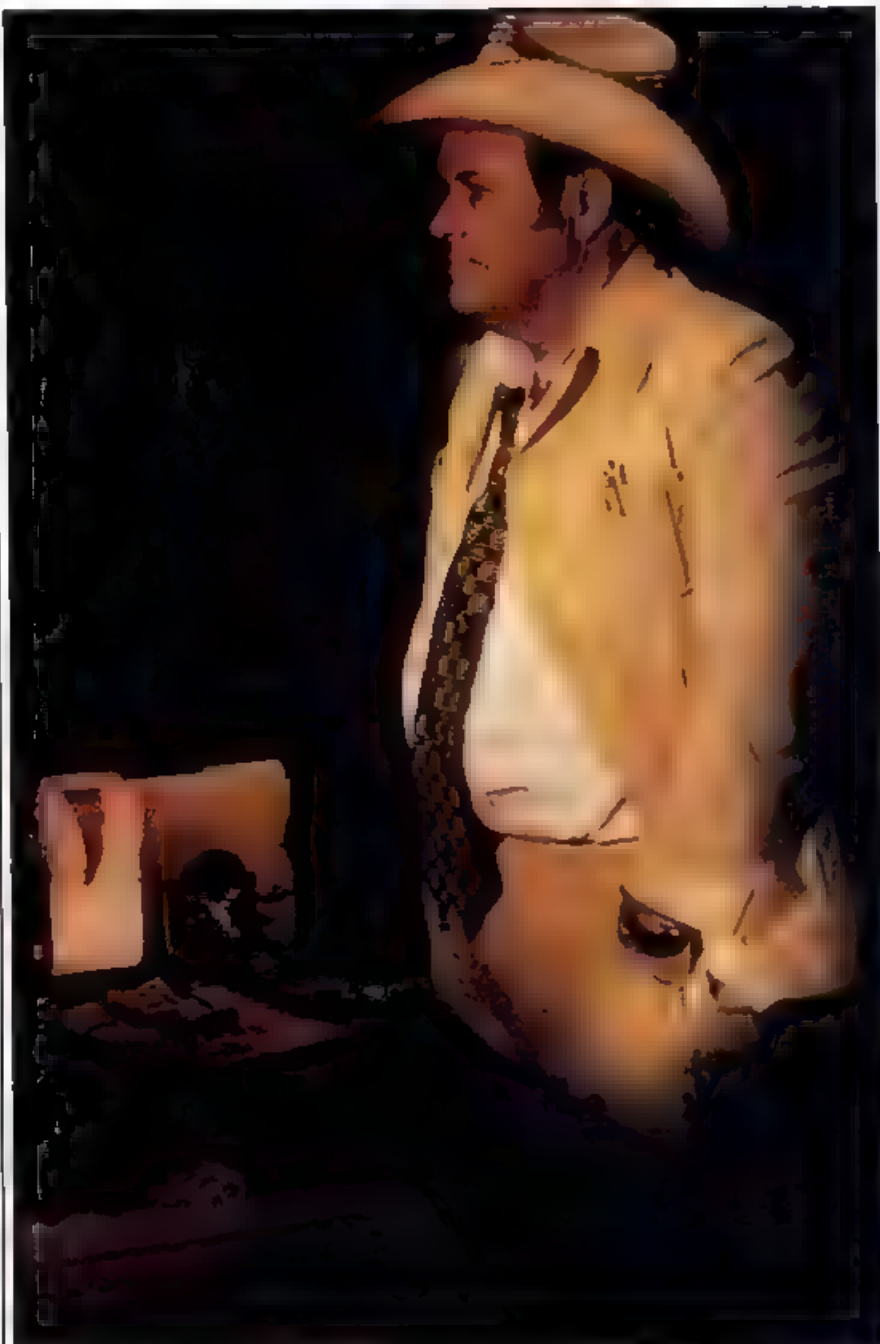
by Steven Hager

Produced on a shoestring budget by a pair of neophyte filmmakers from Minnesota, *Blood Simple* is one of the strangest movies to appear in some time. Hauntingly beautiful, excruciatingly violent and wickedly funny, the film almost defies characterization. Although the script certainly has its antecedents in Hitchcock, it is so bizarrely original that someone ought to invent a new genre just to categorize it.

So far *Blood Simple* has been seen only at a handful of film festivals around the world. Last October it was the sleeper at the New York Film Festival, where it garnered both a standing ovation and unreserved praise from the local press. Despite the rave notices, however, the film failed to attract the interest of a major distributor, which is why it has taken so long to get a national release. (The film opened in selected cities last month.)

"The major studios were kinda uncomfortable with the movie," says cowriter and producer Ethan Coen, "because it sort of fell between the cracks. They weren't sure if it was an art film or an exploitation film. Generally, the production people liked it but the marketing people were worried. They thought it was a bit too heavy for art audiences and not violent enough for the exploitation crowd. The truth is, it plays equally well to both crowds."

Since the film relies heavily on suspense, any retelling of the plot would be a disservice to potential viewers. Very simply, it concerns a rich but morally corrupt bar owner in Texas who wants to kill an unfaithful wife. A sleazy private detective (masterfully played by M. Emmet Walsh) is hired for the job. Several murders result, but not necessarily the ones that were originally intended. Unlike in most films of this sort, the murderers in *Blood Simple* have difficulty justifying their actions and tend to go a bit crazy afterwards—a phenomenon



● *Blood Simple*-ton: A sleazy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) is hired to kill the wife of a corrupt Texas bar owner.

It is hauntingly beautiful, excruciatingly violent and wickedly funny.

known as going "blood simple." What is most interesting and unusual about the film, however, is that the audience always knows what is happening, while the characters are kept in the dark, a plot device that contributes considerable ironic humor to the film.

Blood Simple was cowritten and directed by Joel Coen (Ethan's older brother), who makes a stunning directorial debut with this film. A graduate of New York University's film program, Joel spent one semester as a graduate student at Austin, Texas, before returning to New York to find a job as an assistant editor. "I got tired of going to school," he explains, "and I wanted to get to work. I got a job with Edna Paul, who was editing a number of low-budget horror movies. We worked on *Evil Dead*, which I think is one of the best horror movies ever made."

While working as an editor, Joel discovered many low-budget films were being made by people no older or more experienced than himself. Since his younger brother had just graduated from Princeton with a "virtually worthless" degree in philosophy, the two began collaborating on a script. "At the time I was working as a statistical typist at Macy's department store," says Ethan. "Joel sort of dragged me into the movie business."

Once they completed the script, the Coens set about raising money from friends and acquaintances in their hometown of Minneapolis. They needed over a million dollars and raised it mostly from small, independent businessmen. "To allay people's fears that we didn't know what we were doing, we made a short trailer for \$2,000," says Joel. "It was very 'touch and go' for a while. I wasn't sure if the movie would ever get made. But there comes a point of no return when you get yourself so deeply in debt that you can't afford not to make the movie. And that's when you end up making the movie."

The eight-week shoot, which was done on location in Austin, went fairly smoothly, considering the director and cinematographer had never worked on a 35mm feature before. "It was grueling," admits Joel. "We had quite a few different locations and we shot mostly at night, which is more exhausting. But it went well because we spent



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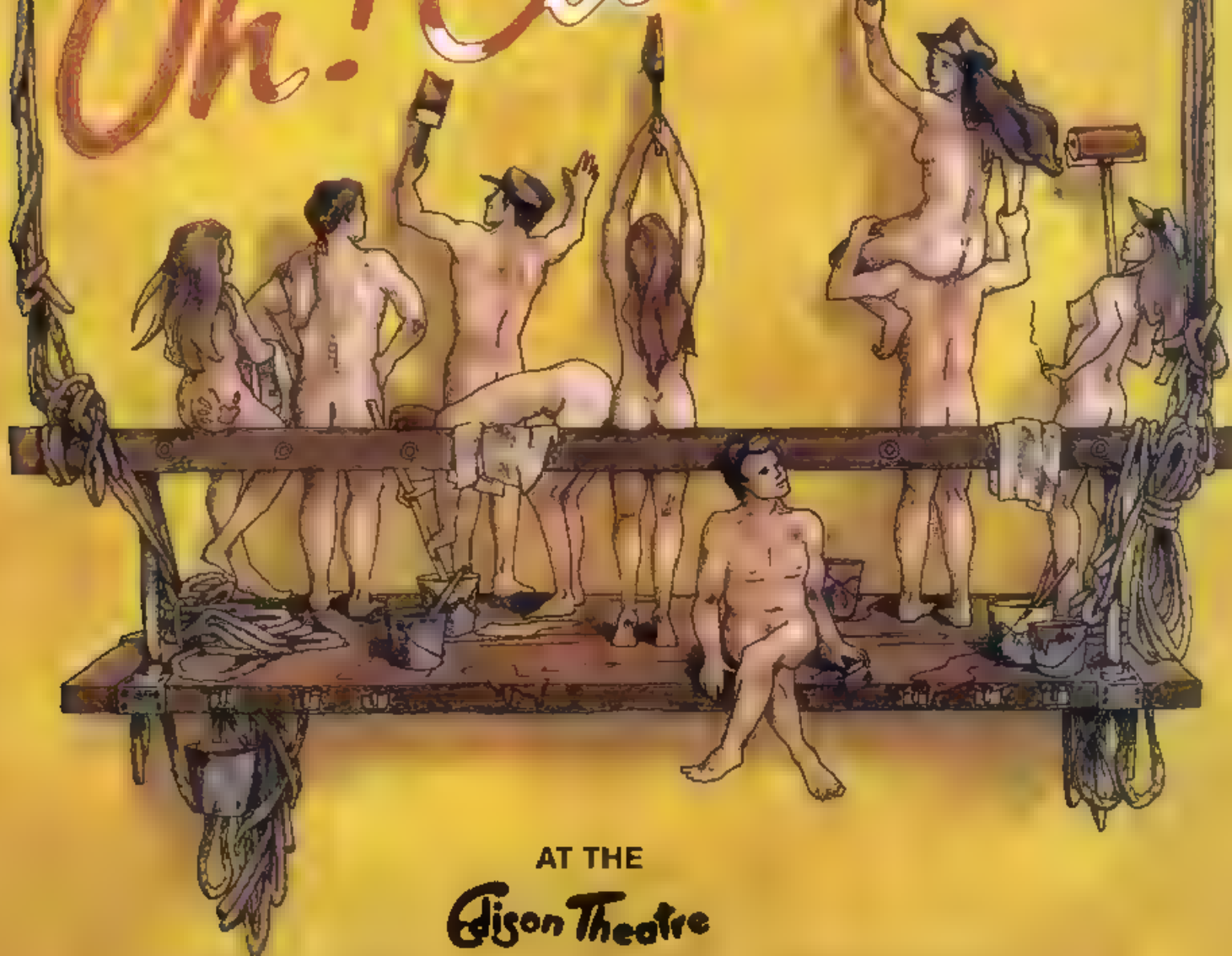
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TURN ON, TUNE IN, COP OUT

Haight-Ashbury: just the facts

by Katherine Dieckmann

■ *The Haight Ashbury: A History*

Charles Perry (New York: A Random House/Rolling Stone Press Book, 1984), 306 pp., illustrations. \$16.95

Timothy Leary tours cross-country baiting G. Gordon Liddy for bucks. Jerry Rubin flirts with Wall Street and organizes "networking" parties for yuppies at New York's Underground disco. Jane Fonda's devotion to leg lifts has long superseded her passion for polemics. The famous self-effacing Digger slogan, "Am I a Digger? Who told you I'm a Digger? You're a Digger!" has metamorphosed into peppy unification rhetoric from Madison Avenue: "I'm a Pepper, you're a Pepper, she's a Pepper, he's a Pepper, wouldn't you like

to be a Pepper, too?"

As '60s idealism gives way to '80s consumerism, now seems as good a time as any to assess the crucial years between 1964-68 in post-Beat San Francisco, years that have merged in our cultural memories to mean daisies and day-glo, paisleys and tie-dye, student activism and the mental sprawl of psychedelics. If nothing else, Charles Perry's *The Haight Ashbury: A History* gently corrects the reductive ravages of time. Who remembers that Ken Kesey and his Merry Franksters adored Marvel Comic strip heroes and Warholian POPism (Kesey dressed for the notorious Trips Festival in "white jeans with the word HOT painted on one buttock, COLD

on the other and TIBET in the middle")? Or that the Diggers built a Dadaesque 13-foot square wooden "Frame of Reference" that people had to pass through at their daily feeds, and headlined their news-sheet with "PUBLIC NON-SENSE NUISANCE PUBLIC ESSENCE NEWS-SENSE PUBLIC NEWS"? Or how about the nationwide desire in 1967 to turn Nebraska into a hippie state?

But Perry, who reigned as associate editor of *Rolling Stone* for years, doesn't quite seem the man for this job. To write the first complete "history" of the Haight. There's a still of the author in the photo section of the book taken circa 1967 with quasi-hip decor about him and a lit candle looming with mystical import in the foreground, a mildly glazed expression on his face, and yet one senses that Perry wasn't quite *there*. If you're going to take your reader on a blow-by-blow tour of every storefront, personality, poster design and mass outdoor festival of the Haight heyday, then "being there"—in a time when the terms "being" and "there" were loaded—seems rather crucial. *The Haight-Ashbury. A History* feels like it's coming from the outside. There's no heartfelt analysis, no passion, just lots of facts and *nothing but the facts*.

Of course, facts can be entertaining in their own right and Perry is to be praised for gathering them so industriously. There's a great anecdote about how Bill Graham achieved one of his first promotional coups by handing Bob Dylan a Fillmore poster just as Dylan was to step on-camera for an interview with Ralph Gleason. Gleason asked Dylan what he was holding in his hand. Dylan held up the poster (musing "it looks pretty good"), which read, in part: "Appeal II, for Continued Freedom in the Arts... the hall is huge and, like, it's there." Perry also reminds us how the Love Generation got its name—from Police Chief Cahill, who fol-

•THE• HAIGHT-ASHBURY A HISTORY



CHARLES PERRY

BOOKS

lowed a logical train of thought from Gertrude Stein's "Lost Generation" and Jack Kerouac's "Beat Generation" into the present.

There are exhaustive accounts of the early Acid Tests under the rule of acid king Augustus Owsley Stanley III (known, simply, as Owsley) and his pioneering Bear Research Group; the subsequent hypermanufacture of LSD; early Victorian chic; the patronizing adulation of American Indians; the importance of the Beatles' turn to psychedelics in bringing the experiments of Haight-Ashbury to wider cultural acceptance.

Perry details the extraordinary vitality of the home-grown music scene with the Jefferson Airplane (the "love" band), the Grateful Dead (the "acid test" band), Country Joe and the Fish (the "antiwar" band) and Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company (the "dropout" band). He also diligently chronicles the alternative media—the increasingly arty and esoteric *Oracle*, the low-key but dependable *Berkeley Barb*, the radical Digger broadsides and the

There are exhaustive accounts of the early Acid Tests under the rule of acid king Owsley Stanley.

com/co venture—and how together they constituted an "emerging McLuhan/mod zeitgeist."

But any discussion of a doggedly fringe culture like the one of Haight-Ashbury, even the most insistently factual, has an obligation to confront the key problematic in a subculture: the relationship between politics and style. The early obsession with Victorian forms, the development

of psychedelia in dress and design and, above all, the fact that a hippie "look" was eventually appropriated by the major media and turned into mass appeal posters, matchbooks and even bathrobes—all this deserves more than passing reflection. Why, for example, as Perry fleetingly suggests, did the Haight produce only crafts—fabrics, posters, domestic objects—and not art? Was it simply that a trippy sensibility encourages a desire for utility, as Perry states?

Running through the pivotal year of 1967, the year the Haight saw its major and destructive wave of popularization, Perry recounts "the facts" diary-style. Political ruptures, such as increased involvement in Vietnam, sit alongside shifts in fashion, concerts and restaurant closings—rarely do the two sides touch. It's a *telling* format, and one which fails most obviously when Perry arrives at the violent fracturing of the Haight in 1968. Surely the Manson killings—not to mention the deaths of Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix—deserve more than cursory sentences, products as they were of the Haight's more disturbing tendencies: satan worship, indulgence in drugs beyond the call of duty, blind and forced bonding.

Perry wants to validate the bursting of energy and goodwill that, for a time, marked the Haight, but he's also caught trying to *rescue* it from a present-day perspective of something close to embarrassment. His perspective vacillates from the wildly enthusiastic to the downright schoolmarmish: "Bohemians typically explore wild territories of the psyche—eroticism, the occult, physical danger, drugs—and are fascinated by the lives of the poor, the failed, the insane and the primitive." Did Perry himself "tune in, turn on and drop out" as Timothy Leary put it? Did he experience the massive '67 "Be-In" which sported poets Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder chanting Hindu prayers against sculptures of meat and bones that satanists placed along the fences bounding the site? If so, it doesn't come across these emphatically linear, logical pages. Half cultural historian, half unabashed fan, Perry fails to convey the potency of his subject matter. His attempt to make sense of it all is a chapter entitled "What Was That?" If he doesn't know, we can't help him. □

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Pot Law

/ continued from page 80

attract the favorable publicity required to reach their petition drive's exhausting goal, the Oregon Marijuana Initiative's leader, John Sejo, literally changed his appearance to look as though he stepped out of the Eisenhower years. After gathering the required number of signatures, OMI was summarily "counted off" the ballot. Then the work started.

For three weeks, already overtaxed volunteers plied county voting rosters, diligently documenting the county clerks' many errors to submit as evidence. Oregon attorney activist Michael Rose, Silber, a host of paralegals and a bevy of activists rolled up their sleeves and worked side-by-side into the night to turn in a 75-page brief and the 375-page accompanying appendix. "It would have taken a huge full-time staff about a hundred thousand dollars to prepare a case like this," says Silber. "OMI literally did all the work themselves."

Although further ministerial errors blocked OMI's ultimate success, Silber says, "It's a miracle that we got as far as we did. The Oregon Supreme Court treated the issue seriously and treated us like gentlemen. They both heard us and rendered a fair opinion in a record short time." The court, presenting a stinging slap to the Secretary of State, Norma Paulus, ordered her to check alleged errors. "We won a big battle that we wouldn't and can't win elsewhere," says Silber. "OMI paved the way by changing public opinion. They publish a newspaper; members got out and talked about the issue to the community."

"Political clout performed the miracle. The near daily editorials and TV and other press coverage of this election-law case legitimized the whole issue of marijuana law reform. Next time, officials will remember that law reformers have friends and are not about to take this lying down. If enthusiasm gets going elsewhere, I hope that there is someone to help them. That kind of energy is wonderful to work with. I appreciated the experience."

Silber sees the marijuana laws as the crux to the destruction of the entire fabric of our society, ostensibly based on guaranteed civil liberties. "'Minor' civil rights abuses, incurred by officers to obtain a bust, used to be accompanied by profuse apologies. Now marijuana is used as an excuse to violate civil rights and short-circuit the Bill of Rights," Silber says. □

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Blood

/ continued from page 91

plenty of time in pre-production. Every scene was carefully storyboarded. There was no real improvising or surprises."

Much of the credit for the lavish appearance of the film goes to Barry Sonnenfeld, the director of photography, who is also a recent NYU graduate. "As spectacular as the lighting is," says Ethan, "it was done very, very fast. Usually when a film looks this good, it's because the cameraman is a tweaker who allows himself a lot of time. But when you're working on a budget like ours, you don't have much time for anything."

Blood Simple had its American premiere at the USA Film Festival in Dallas, and the Coens were a bit worried about possible negative reactions to the film's graphic violence. "We wanted to know if the

film would play to the heavy metal crowd as well," says Ethan, "so we gave away tickets on the local hard rock stations. I think the movie was a relief for the art crowd because they were used to slower films. It was really fun to listen to them screaming. We also had the rabid fans who came up after the screening with their eyes glazed over—you know they're going to see the film at least ten times after it's released."

What's next for these two? Well, since they're hot property in Hollywood, they can probably pick and choose their next projects. They've already begun work on a comedy about big business in the '50s. The credit sequence starts with the head of the company jumping out a 44th-floor window; the film is about the power vacuum he leaves behind. "It ought to be fun," says Ethan. "It's something we can shoot on big sets, as opposed to schlepping around like we did on the last one. We're looking forward to moving into a studio." □

Vice

/ continued from page 88

Vice apart from other TV shows is its use of rock music. *Vice* is in the vanguard of the recent television trend of using rock songs as background music. But *Vice* stands head and shoulder-holders above the other shows that use rock. For one thing, the show uses the original songs by the original artists (sounds like a K-Tel commercial!), while most other shows stick to sound-alikes in order to save money. And all the incidental music on *Vice* is kickin' instrumental rock.

The second show of the series, for example, used music by The Tubes ("She's a Beauty"), Devo ("Goin' Under"), John Waite ("Missing You") and George Benson (Leon Russell's "Masquerade").

The music often comments on the action. When Sonny and Tubbs are getting ready to go undercover, Devo's "Goin' Under" wails on the soundtrack as the cops transform themselves into superslick "criminals." Later, the plaintive, moody "Masquerade" plays as the cops agonize over the negative aspects of undercover work.

So potent is the show's use of rock that when Phil Collins' "Something in the Air" was used in the commercial for the series' premiere,

radio stations were flooded with requests for "the *Miami Vice* song," and Collins' two-year-old tune was suddenly the number one record in south Florida.

The powers-that-be at NBC, which airs the show, have been quick to jump on the *Vice*-wagon. As we went to press, NBC's entertainment chief, Brandon Tartikoff, called *Miami Vice* "a shoo-in" to be picked up for the rest of the season, the first of his network's new shows to be so honored. Tartikoff spoke of NBC's appeal to younger viewers; he obviously sees *Vice* as the linchpin of this youth movement. In fact, it was Tartikoff who came up with the idea for an "MTV detective show" which ultimately evolved into *Miami Vice*.

One thing should be pointed out. *Miami Vice* is a TV series, so all the episodes are not going to be gems. But through the first six shows, *Vice* was batting .667, according to our unofficial but highly reliable scorecard. And, for TV, that's not bad at all.

I can remember in the heady days of *Saturday Night Live*, when a remarkable thing happened: young people did the unthinkable by staying home in droves on Saturday nights just to watch a TV show. From now on, schedule your Friday night action for after 11. That's when *Miami Vice* ends. □

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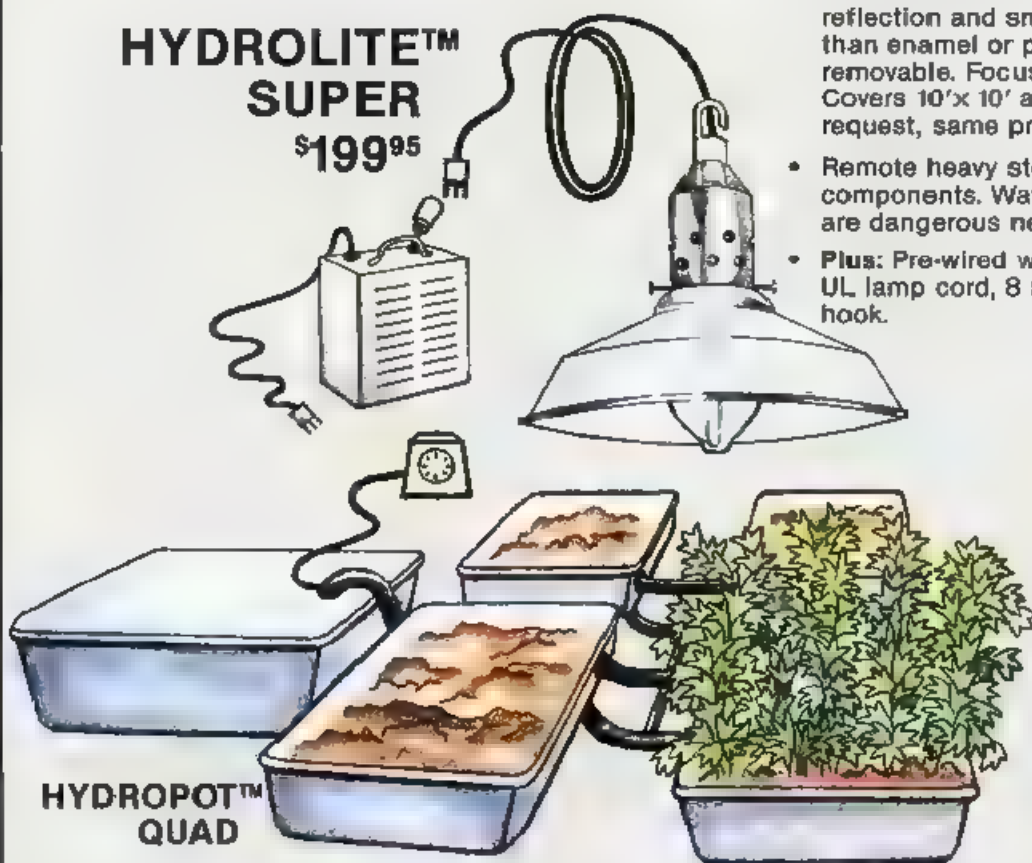
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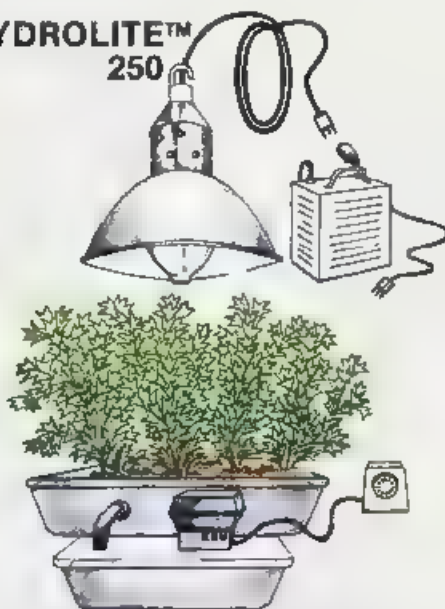
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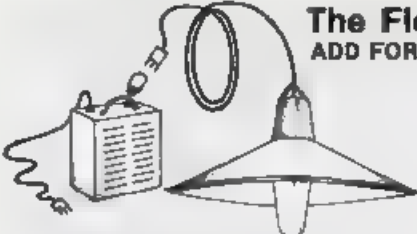
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READERS FEEDBACK

American justice is a joke—and a crime.

by Craig Russell

Two years ago, Cathy Johnson left her husband, taking their three kids with her. She'd been married to Ken for fifteen years, but his abuse was finally too much for her. She'd been beaten too often, suffered broken arms and broken noses, and endured mental distress. She wouldn't take any more. Knowing he'd attack her again if she told him face to face, she left him a note that she'd gone. She asked him to leave her alone. She did not say where she was going.

Perhaps, if she hadn't had three children, she could have lost him. But the kids needed support. She couldn't quit her job; she couldn't move far away. So it didn't take long till he found her. He made threatening phone calls. He choked her. He attacked her on her front porch in front of her friends.

Cathy feared for her life, and for the lives of her children. Who knew what he might do?

Did she call the police? Of course she did, and finally the court ordered Ken to stay away from her and the children. But last week he went after her again. She called the police, who arrested him and took him away.

Minutes later, he was released without bail, and all charges were dropped.

Four months ago, Karen Smith sold some cocaine to an undercover state trooper. Even before she learned what his job was, she did not want to make the transaction. A "mutual friend," who turned out to be a paid informant, had introduced them. Could she do him a favor? "Tim" wanted some coke.

Normally Karen didn't sell cocaine. She supplemented her two part-time jobs by selling another friend's home-grown marijuana. But she did know who to ask and where to go for coke.

And since the informant was a friend, she said she'd do what she could.

"Tim" was very persistent. He called her several times a day, came to her apartment (something she never allowed her marijuana customers to do), and generally harassed her. Finally she got him some. A few days later he wanted more, and she helped him out again. Then he disappeared, much to her relief.

Four months later, she was arrested. The next day, she was released on \$5,000 bail.

Where's the connection between these two stories? Both are true. Both involve friends of mine (whose names have, of course, been changed for this article). And both reveal an appalling lack of justice.

When will Ken come back for Cathy? Will he bring a gun next time? At the police station, the night he attacked her on her front porch, a friend—a witness to the attack—heard one of the officers say to another, "He'll kill her one of these days." Sure, Cathy has a court order barring Ken from visiting or calling; he was not to go near her. But he did. And, after he was arrested, he was set free. Now Cathy and her children have to live knowing that he might come back at any time, perhaps armed with a knife or gun. This man is a constant threat to her very existence, yet the police do nothing.

Karen, on the other hand, is a threat to no one. She did not force "Tim" to buy cocaine. He searched her out. He harassed her until he got it. It was a simple business transaction: supply met demand. Yet when Karen was arrested, her picture appeared on the front page of the local paper. When Ken was arrested, he received a three-line mention on page five, under "Police Blotter," along with the shoplifters. Karen, en-

gaged in a peaceful activity between consenting adults, faces five to ten years in prison. Ken, who's attacked his former wife at least four times in the past two years, is free.

Yes, cocaine is illegal. Supposedly it is dangerous. Yet more than 50,000 die in cars every year. Why aren't they illegal? Taking Drano can kill, but Drano's not illegal. Cocaine, however, is. This is simply another example of our American Puritan heritage—the fear that, as H.L. Mencken put it, someone somewhere is having fun. People do not pay hundreds and thousands of dollars for things they don't want (except, of course, through taxation). They pay high prices for cocaine and marijuana because they want it. They enjoy it. Yes, there is a medical price to pay. These drugs are not physically good for you. But neither are cigarettes. Neither is alcohol. Neither is coffee.

The fact remains: Karen Smith faces perhaps a decade in prison because she tried to help out a friend, because she tried to make a little money and carried out a business transaction. Ken Johnson roams the streets free despite the fact that he has attacked his exwife numerous times, despite the fact that he will very likely do it again and again because "if I can't have her, no one can."

Don't tell me there's justice in America. I'll just laugh. □

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you think about the issues that concern us all. Send your opinionated essay to "Readers Feedback," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. All submissions should be 750 words or less, typed, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed if you want your essay returned. Don't let Big Brother bug you! Fight back with Feedback!

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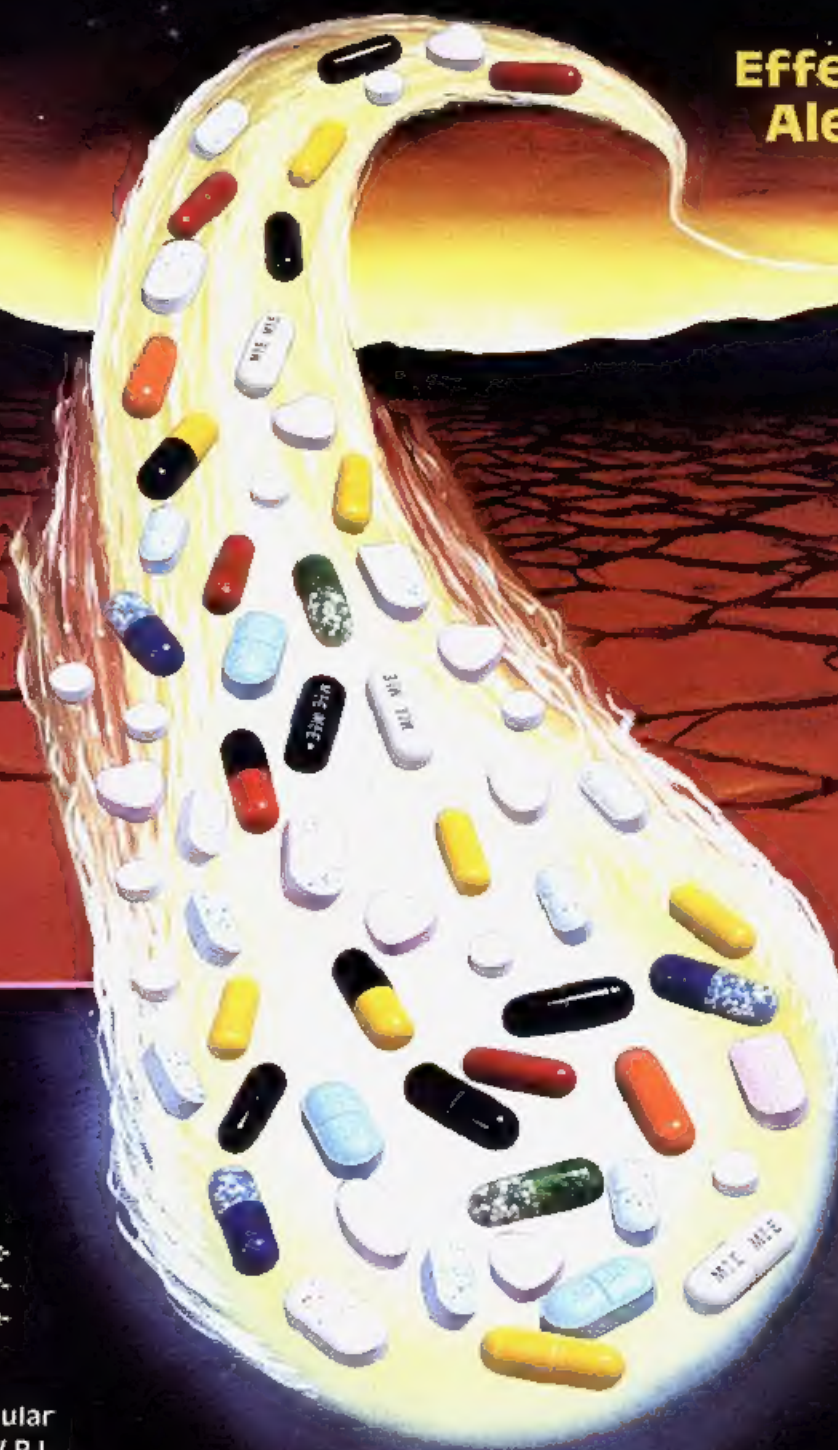
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